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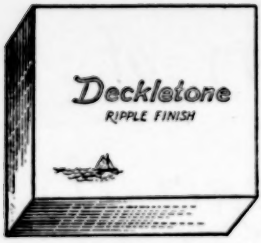

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THE GOVERNOR EYRE CASE IN ENGLAND

GEORGE H. FORD

ON October 11, 1865, in the village of Morant Bay in Jamaica, an angry crowd of negro rioters assembled outside the Court House and began to throw stones at the small body of volunteer guards who had been hastily called up to protect the building. The guards retaliated by firing one volley into the crowd and they were thereupon rushed and driven back into the Court House which was set on fire. Several persons were killed by the rioters in their attack, including the chief magistrate of the district, and for two or three of the following days the rioters were able to exert their full power over the adjacent area. To restore order, martial law was quickly established and several hundred negroes were rounded up by troops, found guilty of capital crimes by military courts, and executed. When news of the ruthless conduct of the military courts and the troops reached England there was an outcry which resulted in the dismissal of the governor, Edward John Eyre. It also led to the appointment of a Royal Commission to settle what became one of the most acrimonious controversies in modern history, a controversy which has been likened to that aroused by the trial of Warren Hastings in England and the Dreyfus case in France.

The Governor Eyre Case, as it is called, continues to excite disagreement among authorities on colonial history and among lawyers. Eyre's actions have been held up to well-documented ridicule in Lord Oliver's study, *The Myth of Governor Eyre*, and they have been more recently defended by W. L. Mathieson in his book *The Sugar Colonies and Governor Eyre*.[1] But the Eyre case should have a fascination not only for historians and lawyers but also for anyone interested in the Victorian world of letters. It throws considerable light upon the views of Carlyle, Dickens, Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill, Huxley, Kingsley, and many others, and it brings into sharp focus the dividing line between the Tory and Radical schools in Victorian England. In what follows, I have tried to concentrate attention upon these repercussions of the case in England rather than to make any attempt to settle it again on its merits.

I

The facts of the affair must first be briefly reviewed. Edward John Eyre had been appointed governor of Jamaica in 1862. He had behind him a career of daring explorations in Australia and some experience in administration in other British colonies. In Australia he was reputed to have been kindly disposed towards the natives, but, as Lord Oliver has

[1] A Canadian historian describes the Eyre affair as "one of the most unhappy incidents in the modern history of British rule over coloured races." Hume Wrong, *Government of the West Indies* (Oxford, 1923), 75. Literary historians have given the case only scant attention. The best brief account is in Emery Neff's *Carlyle and Mill* (New York, 1926), 44-9.

shown, he subsequently became indoctrinated with some of the theories of Thomas Carlyle. These theories (shared by many of the planters) related to what Carlyle baldly called "The Nigger Question." Eyre had come to believe, after Carlyle, that the best way to handle the grievances of negroes was by the use of strong measures.

During the three years after his arrival in Jamaica, although confronted with difficult situations in which complaints were made about economic conditions and legal administration, Eyre had not been troubled with cases of actual violence. Finally, however, in the rural district of Morant Bay, where there was an unpopular magistrate, agitation among negroes led to the riot in which eighteen persons (mostly whites) were killed by a mob attacking the Court House. For three days following this attack, the rioters had the Morant Bay area virtually under their control, and they burned several houses belonging to planters. Most of the planters fled, but some were captured by the rioters, and among these two were killed and another died from exposure while hiding. Up to this point, the insurrection thus cost the lives of twenty-one inhabitants of the district and also of seven rioters who were killed by the volley on the first day. Although no outbreaks occurred outside the general area of Morant Bay (comprising the parish of St. Thomas), it was nevertheless feared that the insurrection might spread to other parts of the island. Governor Eyre acted promptly to prevent such a disaster. On October 13, martial law was declared over the county of Surrey (exclusive of Kingston); troops were despatched to the area, and by October 20, in a little more than a week after the first outbreak, Eyre was able to report that the disturbance had been "crushed."[2]

Throughout the first few days of martial law, while rounding up those suspected of being responsible for the rioting, the troops under Eyre's command committed several of the outrages which were later to be criticized in England. In general, however, Eyre's efforts to restore order during this early phase of the affair have been more often commended than censured. The second phase was less commendable. Firmly believing that a general uprising of the natives might still be pending, the white colonists remained in a state of panic. They were outnumbered thirty to one. They remembered what had happened to the whites in Haiti. J. A. Froude has given the most sympathetic explanation of their state of mind:

> In England the massacre in Hayti is a half-forgotten story. In Jamaica it is ever present in the minds of the Europeans as a frightful evidence of what the negroes are capable when roused to frenzy.... It was inevitable that when the volcano in Jamaica began to show symptoms of similar activity the whites residing there should be unable to look on with the calmness which we, from thousands of miles away, unreasonably expected of them. They imagined their houses in flames, and themselves and their families at the mercy of a furious mob.[3]

[2] *Annual Register*, 1865, Chronicle, 285.
[3] J. A. Froude, *The English in the West Indies* (London, 1888), 258.

As Froude admits, it was later realized that there was "no premeditation of rebellion, no prepared plan of action, no previous communication between the different parts of the island with a view to any common movement" on the part of the natives—but at the time, the white colonists were of one opinion that they might "all be murdered." Naturally enough, the governor became infected with the prevailing panic and decided that the natives were in need of a lesson. Martial law was therefore prolonged after the real danger was past, for almost a month in all, and instead of having the troops withdrawn, Eyre enabled them to continue for this time (under the guise of martial law) a reckless slaughter carried out in the spirit of revenge.

The climax came when, under Eyre's own orders, a prominent coloured citizen, George William Gordon, was arrested in the presence of the governor in Kingston (where martial law was not in effect) and transported by sea to Morant Bay (where martial law was in effect). Here he was tried by an irregular court martial and hanged. There was no evidence to prove that Gordon had been involved in the riot, but he was well known as a trouble-making opponent of Eyre's policies at earlier times, and he was capable of wielding considerable influence among the natives. To forestall any possibility of future disturbances, Eyre seems to have decided that it would be expedient to have Gordon out of the way. To justify this extraordinary step, he asserted that Gordon's criticism of the governor, at an earlier period, had indirectly contributed to the riot. Froude's explanation is again the most sympathetic:

> Unfortunately it was doubtful whether Gordon had done anything which could be construed into a capital crime. He had a right . . . to indulge as freely as he pleased in the patriotic commonplaces of platforms, provided he did not himself advise or encourage a breach of the peace, and this it could not easily be proved that he had done. He was, however, the leader of the opposition to the Government. The opposition had broken into a riot, and Gordon was guilty of having excited the feelings which led to it. The leader could not be allowed to escape unpunished while his followers were being shot and flogged. The Kingston district where he resided was under the ordinary law. Eyre sent him into the district which was under martial law, tried him by a military court and hanged him.[4]

For this action, and for all others, Eyre was warmly commended by the English colonists most of whom thereafter regarded him as something of a hero.

By November 13, 1865, the month of martial law was ended and the civil authority was restored. A total of 586 natives had been killed or executed, about 600 (including women) had been flogged, and over 1,000 houses had been destroyed. The troops themselves had encountered no resistance and suffered no casualties. Three days later the news reached England and Eyre's rather naive report of the incident was printed in the

[4] *Ibid.*, 261.

newspapers.[5] His story was soon supplemented by eye-witness accounts written by officers who had participated in the reprisals. For example, Colonel Elkington, the Deputy Adjutant-General, wrote to a fellow-officer on October 18: "Hole is doing splendid service with his men about Manchioneal, and shooting every black man who cannot give an account of himself. Nelson, at Port Antonio, is hanging like fun by court-martial. I hope you will not send us any prisoners; civil law can do nothing. . . . Do punish the blackguards well."[6] Another officer, Captain Ford, described his activities in a letter which makes him sound like an exultant duck-hunter returning from the prairie marshes: "We made a raid with thirty men, flogging nine men and burning their negro houses. We held a court-martial on the prisoners, who amounted to about fifty or sixty. Several were flogged without court-martial from a simple examination. . . . This is a picture of martial law. The soldiers enjoy it—the inhabitants here dread it. If they run on their approach, they are shot for running away."[7]

The first impression which the news created among many readers in England was one of shocked indignation. Eyre, who felt that he was to be commended for saving Jamaica from a massacre such as had wiped out the white population of Haiti, was surprised to learn that his countrymen were not all applauding his measures. Even the conservative *Saturday Review* commented: "If Captain Ford escapes hanging, except on full proof that he is a shameless liar, there is no justice in Jamaica."[8]

In other quarters, indignation was much more clamorous. To the Nonconformists, who had devoted so much energy to the abolition movement earlier in the century, Eyre seemed the embodiment of a colonial administration which had always blocked their missionary zeal. To the liberals of radical stamp, Eyre seemed a reactionary tyrant who had committed murder on large scale. A few days after the news reached England, John Bright addressed a meeting in Manchester demanding that Eyre be prosecuted. In spite of his Quaker principles, he declared: "the blood of Gordon and of many less known men cries to heaven for vengeance."[9]

And so the fat was in the fire. For almost two years, England was split into two camps over an issue which engaged the passions of many men who otherwise shunned active politics, and which not only deepened the differences between traditional opponents but divided friend from friend and son from father. Charles Darwin, for example, who had subscribed £10 towards the prosecution of Eyre, forgot his usual mild manners when one of his sons defended the governor. He became so

[5] *The Times*, Nov. 20, 1865, 9, and *Annual Register*, 1865, Chronicle 277-93. The statistics are as stated in the *Cambridge History of the British Empire*, II, 736.

[6] *Saturday Review*, April 7, 1866, 397.

[7] Herbert Paul, *History of Modern England* (New York, 1905), 9-10.

[8] *Saturday Review*, Dec. 2, 1865, 687.

[9] G. M. Trevelyan, *Life of John Bright* (New York, 1913), 347. See also *The Times*, Nov. 28, 1865, 7.

furious that he was unable to sleep at night.[10] Huxley, too, was distressed to find that some of his closest friends were in the opposing camp. "It is wonderful," he wrote, "how people who commonly act together are divided about it."[11]

Why was it that the Eyre case aroused such bitter feelings? The division of opinion in England during the American Civil War had perhaps prepared the ground, but more important was the fact that, between 1865 and 1867, agitation for the passing of a new Reform Bill was at its height. In the same period there was also constant dread of Fenian uprisings. Eyre's drastic action to restore order in Jamaica was applauded by those who feared that similar drastic action might be necessary to prevent anarchy in England and Fenianism in Ireland. These included the majority of the "governing classes" of Church and State, Liberal as well as Conservative. Carlyle spoke for these classes when he wrote in defence of Eyre: "The English nation never loved anarchy; nor was wont to spend its sympathy on miserable mad seditions, especially of this inhuman and half-brutish type. . . ."[12] It is significant that *Punch* (like *The Times*) was on Carlyle's side.[13] On the other hand, those who held that reform in England was vital, that justice was more important than violent suppression of civil disturbances, were leagued against Eyre. These included the working classes and their political leaders, several men of letters, and most of the leading scientists, especially the evolutionists whose tussle with conservatism was then at its height. Mill spoke for them when he wrote in his *Autobiography*:

> The perpetrators of those deeds were defended and applauded in England by the same kind of people who had so long upheld Negro slavery: and it seemed at first as if the British nation was about to incur the disgrace of letting pass without even a protest, excesses of authority as revolting as any of those for which, when perpetrated by the instruments of other governments, Englishmen can hardly find terms sufficient to express their abhorrence. . . . There was much more at stake than only justice to Negroes. . . . The question was, whether the British dependencies, and eventually, perhaps, Great Britain itself, were to be under the government of law, or of military licence. . . .

II

At the outset the liberal camp was more prominent and it may be examined first. It was led by a group called the Jamaica Committee of which John Stuart Mill became the guiding spirit and eventually the chairman. Carlyle dubbed it "a small loud group . . . of Nigger-Philanthropists, barking furiously in the gutter." The executive of the committee included Thomas Huxley, Goldwin Smith, Frederic Harrison, Thomas Hughes (author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*), Herbert Spencer,

[10] Francis Darwin, *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin* (New York, 1887), II, 236.
[11] Leonard Huxley, *Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley* (New York, 1913), 300.
[12] W. F. Finlason, *The History of the Jamaica Case* (London, 1869), 369.
[13] *Punch*, XLIX (1865), 216, 238, 248-9, 253; and L (1866), 14, 62.

and John Bright, and it received additional support from such men as Charles Darwin, A. R. Wallace, Leslie Stephen, John Morley, Sir Charles Lyell, and Fitzjames Stephen. At the first meeting of this committee, it is said that the members sat for several moments in silence, each hesitating to be the first to open the attack. One of the younger members at last broke the silence by saying: "This is the heir [Eyre]; come, let us kill him."[14]

The first objectives of the Jamaica Committee were to obtain a thorough investigation and to force Eyre's recall, and they obtained these objectives by bringing pressure to bear on the government from many quarters. Frederic Harrison led off with several letters on martial law published in the *Daily News*.[15] At Oxford, Goldwin Smith delivered a series of lectures entitled *Three English Statesmen* which were based upon the Eyre case and implied that Gordon was a kind of gallant Pym and Eyre a tyrannical Strafford. At Cambridge, Huxley paid a visit during the Christmas vacation of 1865 and, as Leslie Stephen reports, "joined our smoking party, and we had good talk, denouncing Governor Eyre and the British aristocracy by the hour."[16] When meetings of the Reform League were held in London or Manchester, speakers used Eyre as a favourite target for abuse, labelling him a "Robespierre" and "wholesale murderer."[17]

The most active and zealous member of the Jamaica Committee was, however, John Stuart Mill. Mill has often been called cold of temperament, but as his friend John Morley noted, he was a man of "extreme sensibility and vital heat in things worth waxing hot about."[18] To the author of the treatise *On Liberty*, the Eyre case was certainly something worth waxing hot about. With persistent zeal, he set about hounding Eyre and his confederates. In Parliament, he made what he considered his finest speech when he rose to ask for Eyre's prosecution on the grounds of what he called "the great principle of the responsibility of all agents of the Executive for taking human life without justification."

Mill's committee scored early successes. By December 12, 1865, the Russell government gave in to the complaints about the reprisals; a Royal Commission was sent to Jamaica to inquire into the affair, and Eyre was soon relieved of his post. Carlyle was incensed after Mill's victory, and in August, 1866, he remarked: "Poor Eyre! I am heartily sorry for him, and for the English nation, which makes such a dismal fool of itself. Eyre, it seems, has fallen suddenly from £6,000 a year into almost zero, and has a large family and needy kindred dependent on him. Such his reward for saving the West Indies, and hanging one incendiary mulatto, well worth the gallows, as I can judge."[19] In spite of Carlyle's complaints, Eyre was

[14] Sir Spencer Walpole, *The History of Twenty-Five Years* (London, 1904), II, 127n.
[15] The articles were collected and published under the title *Martial Law* (London, 1867). See also Harrison's *Autobiographic Memoirs* (London, 1911), 313-14.
[16] F. W. Maitland, *The Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen* (London, 1906), 193.
[17] *The Times*, Dec. 7, 1865, 7.
[18] *Works of Lord Morley* (London, 1921), I, 50.
[19] J. A. Froude, *Thomas Carlyle* (New York, 1884), IV, 280.

never to be reappointed to another post for the rest of his long life. Mill's committee had been successful in damning him as an administrator.

Mill, however, was not content with this victory. Nor was he satisfied with the impartial report of the Royal Commission. Some clauses of the report certainly condemned the brutality of the troops in Jamaica, but as he complained in Parliament, it was too "mild" in its attacks.[20] By May, 1866, Mill felt that the evidence at hand justified bringing criminal proceedings against Eyre and the officers who had participated in the court martial of Gordon. His position was most cogently stated in some crisp sentences by his colleague Huxley, which were published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* (Oct. 31, 1866):

> . . . the course which the committee proposes to take appears to me to be the only one by which a question of the profoundest practical importance can be answered. That question is, Does the killing a man in the way Mr. Gordon was killed constitute murder in the eye of the law, or does it not? You perceive that this question is wholly independent of two others which are persistently confused with it, namely—was Mr. Gordon a Jamaica Hampden or was he a psalm-singing fire-brand? and was Mr. Eyre actuated by the highest and noblest motives, or was he under the influence of panic-stricken rashness or worse impulses? . . . Unless I am misinformed, English law does not permit good persons, as such, to strangle bad persons, as such. . . . I entertain so deeply-rooted an objection to this method of killing people . . . that I desire to see it stigmatised by the highest authority as a crime . . . the greatest offence known to the law—murder.

When the attack upon Eyre entered this phase, Mill found that he had to part company with some of his followers. The first to break away was Charles Buxton, originally chairman of the Jamaica Committee, who resigned because he considered it "inexpedient" to prosecute Eyre. The next was Fitzjames Stephen, a lawyer and man of letters who acted as legal adviser in the first unsuccessful attempt to indict Eyre, and then abandoned the case. Mill, who was receiving letters (on an average of one a week) threatening assassination, had no patience with such faint-heartedness, and towards Stephen he was thereafter cool.[21] Leslie Stephen, writing some years later, felt that Mill had gone too far:

> Mill made himself unpopular with a class wider than that which constituted the "stupid party." . . . People of a high moral tone are too apt to show their virtue by assuming that a concrete case comes under a simple moral law, when in fact most such cases are exceedingly complex. Mill, at any rate, and his committee impressed many people . . . as allowing their indignation to swamp their sense of fairplay. Governor Eyre appeared to be a victim of persecution instead of a criminal, and there was, though Mill could not see it, a generous element in the feeling that allowance should be made for a man placed in a terribly critical position.[22]

[20] Finlason, *The History of the Jamaica Case*, 290. The Royal Commission report is reprinted in *Annual Register*, 1866, Chronicle, 273-305.

[21] Leslie Stephen, *Life of Sir J. F. Stephen* (London, 1895), 230.

[22] Leslie Stephen, *The English Utilitarians* (London, 1900), III, 67. A similar complaint against Mill is made in *The Correspondence of Henry Taylor* (London, 1888), 284-6.

The Jamaica Committee, in this second phase, also lost sympathy because of the violence of some of its adherents. At a working-class meeting, during which Eyre was burned in effigy, one placard read: "If guilty, they [Eyre and his subordinates] shall be . . . caged side by side with the wild beasts in the Zoological Gardens, so that men may spit at them when they pass by. When dead, their carcasses shall be thrown to the dogs, their ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven; and as for their souls, so blackened must they be, that Hell itself will scarce care to receive them."[23]

III

Excessive zeal on the part of Mill's followers played into the hands of those who regarded Governor Eyre not as a tyrant but as a hero. Support for Eyre in 1865 and the early part of 1866 had been haphazard and disorganized. From the outset, he had been defended by the right wing press and by some outspoken aristocrats such as Lord Elcho, but it was not until he was threatened with an indictment for murder that his supporters gathered their forces effectively. It was then that leading conservative writers swung into action, led of course by Mill's erstwhile friend, Thomas Carlyle. In August, 1866, an Eyre Defence Committee was formed to raise £10,000 in subscriptions in order to help Eyre defray legal expenses, and, more important, to stimulate public opinion so that the discredited governor could be seen as the saviour of the West Indies.

This committee was a much more colourful and assorted group than Mill's. It included on its executive Carlyle (as chairman), Ruskin, Samuel C. Hall, John Tyndall, Sir Roderick Murchison (president of the Royal Geographical Society), Charles Kingsley, and Henry Kingsley, and it received support from Dickens, Tennyson, and later J. A. Froude. Even Matthew Arnold seems to have given his more discreet blessing to it. It was these writers and scientists who, as a group, provided Eyre with his most valuable support. Leading political figures such as Disraeli, Gladstone, and Russell were too wary of the political dangers of the Eyre case to commit themselves whole-heartedly, and those who did commit themselves on Eyre's behalf were usually of the stamp of those caricatured today as Colonel Blimps or of those who write letters, signed "Clericus," to *The Times*. Carlyle himself admitted that Eyre's defenders at first were "most feeble." Under his championship, however, support for Eyre grew rapidly and became more intellectually respectable. On August 30, 1866, he noted: "Yesterday, in spite of the rain, I got up to the Eyre Committee, and even let myself be voted into the chair. . . . I had to set my shoulders to the wheel, and if it made any progress at all, which I hope it did, especially in that of trying for an infinitely *better* committee, the probable chief cause was that my old coat is not afraid of a little mud on the sleeve of it, as superfiner ones might be."

[23]M. Uren and R. Stephens, *Waterless Horizons: The Life Story of Edward John Eyre* (Melbourne, 1942), 239. This work is primarily concerned with Eyre's career as an explorer rather than as a governor.

With the support of these writers, the Eyre Defence Committee was as successful as the Jamaica Committee had been earlier. If Mill can be said to have won the first round, Carlyle certainly won the second round. His picture of Eyre as a "brave, gentle, chivalrous and clear man," one who instead of being tried for murder ought to be made "dictator of Jamaica for the next twenty-five years" made considerable impression upon the public.[24] Every attempt to bring Eyre (or his accomplices) to trial was successfully blocked. Grand juries simply refused to find a case against the governor, and although the Jamaica Committee persisted until 1869, Eyre escaped all charges. In 1872 his pension was restored to him by the Gladstone government. In this second phase, it was the turn of Mill's group to wail and gnash the teeth. Herbert Spencer, for example, was as indignant as Carlyle had been earlier, and commented with bitterness: "That cultivated Englishmen should not have perceived that the real question at issue was whether free institutions were to be at the mercy of a chief magistrate, seems at first marvellous; but it is marvellous only on the supposition that men's judgments are determined by reason, whereas they are in far larger measure determined by feelings."[25]

Spencer's words "reason" and "feeling" are the key to the whole controversy. They indicate the real dividing line between the two main schools of nineteenth-century writers, the one stemming from the romantic conservatives such as Burke and Scott, and the other from the Philosophical Radicals who had supported the French Revolution.

What were the motives that led so many outstanding Victorian figures to support Eyre? Latent racial antagonism was one, and it sometimes appeared in unexpected quarters. Dickens is an interesting example. Although he did not play a prominent part, his views were identical with those of Carlyle. He was one of the first to applaud Eyre as a hero. On November 13, 1865, he wrote to a friend:

> The Jamaica insurrection is another hopeful piece of business. That platform sympathy with the black, or the native, or the devil—afar off, and that platform indifference to our own countrymen at enormous odds in the midst of bloodshed and savagery, makes me stark wild. Only the other day, here was a meeting of jawbones of asses at Manchester, to censure the Jamaica governor for his manner of putting down the insurrection! So we are badgered about New Zealanders and Hottentots, as if they were identical with men in clean shirts at Camberwell, and were to be bound by pen and ink accordingly. . . . But for the blacks in Jamaica being over-impatient and before their time, the whites might have been exterminated, without a previous hint or suspicion that there was anything amiss.

This was written by the so-called "friend of the common man," the great reformer, the writer whom Macaulay had once considered a dangerous socialist. It is sometimes forgotten that Dickens was not so much the

[24]Froude, *Carlyle*, IV, 310.
[25]Herbert Spencer, *Autobiography* (New York, 1904), II, 168.

friend of the common man as the friend of the common Englishman. His essay entitled *The Noble Savage* is in the same vein as Carlyle's on *The Nigger Question*. He believed, after Carlyle, that it was useless wasting sympathy upon conditions in the colonies while England itself was still in need of improvement. He had a strong distaste for missionaries and the Mrs. Jellybys who supported them, and he contended that what the colonies required was a strong administration. In Dickens (as in Carlyle) there is a nascent imperialism which anticipates Kipling.

Dickens' response to the Eyre case is an indication of the overpowering influence which Carlyle had upon many of his contemporaries. Dickens could well say, as Ruskin once did: "I must follow my great father, Carlyle." In 1866, the year of the Edinburgh address, Carlyle was at the peak of his celebrity. His first published comment upon Eyre was widely circulated in the newspapers and carried great weight. He compared Eyre to a ship's captain who had promptly and skilfully extinguished a fire. The ship's owner had then observed to this heroic captain: "Sir, you poured too much water down the hold and damaged the cargo." The captain, however, could answer: "Yes, sir, but I saved your ship."[26]

Carlyle's view of the Eyre case could have been easily predicted beforehand from even a casual study of his writings. As I have indicated, he had in 1849 expounded his opinion how negroes ought to be handled. Interestingly enough, his opinion was endorsed by Anthony Trollope who visited Jamaica ten years later. Trollope agreed with Carlyle that the main task was to get the emancipated negro to work, not to sympathize with him.[27] Such a task required a firm, efficient governor. Between 1849 and 1865, Carlyle's belief in strong government had been reinforced by his researches into the lives of Cromwell and Frederick the Great. His heroic leader was one who got things *done* rather than the timid ruler concerned with the niceties of parliamentary procedure. In all these respects, Governor Eyre was certainly his man. Eyre's handling of the Jamaica insurrection was a test case which either proved or disproved the very theories which Carlyle had devoted his life to preaching. It is not surprising that he led the defence of Eyre.

Additional provocation for Carlyle's view of the case was provided in England itself during the Hyde Park riot of July 23, 1866. In *Shooting Niagara: and After* he linked together the display by Hyde Park "ragamuffins" with the Jamaica riot, and he contrasted the feeble manner in which the authorities in England had tried to handle an outbreak of anarchy with the vigorous and effective manner in which Eyre had restored order.

[26]Froude, *The English in the West Indies*, 256.

[27]See Anthony Trollope, *The West Indies* (New York, 1860), chaps. IV and VI. Although Trollope had satirized Carlyle in *The Warden* (1855), he was certainly influenced by the latter's gospel of work as it applied to the tropics. When Trollope affirmed that "it is clearly not Nature's intention" that the negro should be "eating his yam without work," his phrases echoed Carlyle's. The book itself (which Trollope considered the best he ever wrote) was warmly praised in *The Times*. Concerning Eyre, I have been unable to locate any comment by Trollope. His support of the North in the American Civil War may have modified his earlier opinions.

Finally, he was driven to defend Eyre for personal reasons as well. Froude tells us that Carlyle was more anxious about the success of the Eyre Committee than he had been about anything else, and an eye-witness at the committee meetings reports that Carlyle seemed to be full of a kind of fury. Eyre, by comparison, "looked like a merciful man." It was remarked that "if the negroes of Jamaica had been dealt with by this fiery man of letters" instead of by Governor Eyre, they might have had more to complain about.[28] I suspect that part of this fury was inspired by a letter which Jane Carlyle had written to him a few days before her death in April, 1866. She was describing a recent party she had attended, and remarked: "Hayward was raging against the Jamaica business—would have had Eyre cut into small pieces, and eaten raw. He told me *women* might patronize Eyre—that women were naturally cruel. . . . But no man living could stand up for Eyre now! 'I hope Mr. Carlyle does,' I said. 'I haven't had an opportunity of asking him; but I should be surprised and grieved if I found him sentimentalizing over a pack of black brutes!' "[29] One can imagine how this challenge added fuel to an already well-stocked fire.

If it is simple to predict the stand Carlyle would take on the Eyre case, it is much more difficult to say what would be the reaction of Ruskin, whose political views were more complex. In the early eighteen-sixties, Ruskin's violent criticism of an irresponsible system of economics and government had earned him the reputation of being a dangerous radical. In 1865, he had endorsed the election to Parliament of the radical candidates John Stuart Mill and Thomas Hughes. When Mill and Hughes became leaders in the attack upon Eyre, it was therefore wondered whether Ruskin would join forces with them again. But the interesting feature of the Eyre case in England was that it served as an infallible reagent. It brought out a writer's true political colour, and Ruskin's colour was fundamentally an old-fashioned blue. In the final analysis, he believed that strong government was more humane than weak government, and this belief, which Carlyle had fortified, became the deciding factor. On December 20, 1865, he wrote to the newspapers to state his disagreement with Mill and Hughes in their "fatuous outcry against Governor Eyre." Mill and Hughes, he said, "are for Liberty, and I am for Lordship; they are Mob's men, and I am a King's man."[30] Later, in *Praeterita*, Ruskin characterized himself as "a violent Tory of the old school; Walter Scott's school." By compelling him to make his choice the Eyre case had contributed considerably to the development of the Tory side of Ruskin's nature. It was one of the turning-points in his career.

Ruskin's early statement of his allegiance drew him closer to Carlyle. When the Eyre Defence Committee was formed, Ruskin subscribed £100

[28] D. A. Wilson, *Carlyle in Old Age* (London, 1934), 104.
[29] *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle* (New York, 1883), II, 380-1.
[30] *Works of Ruskin*, ed. E. T. Cook (London, 1903-12), XVIII, 550.

and worked energetically to enlist other subscribers. In speeches and writings he attacked Mill for "foaming at the mouth" because of the supposedly unjust execution of one man, Gordon, while failing to see that the prevailing economic system was causing the murder of "thousands of people yearly" in England itself.[31] Carlyle, who had recently suffered the loss of his wife, was especially grateful for Ruskin's help. He spoke of one of the latter's speeches (the most reasonable plea ever made on behalf of Eyre) as "a right gallant thrust" into "the abominable belly of the vast blockheadism."

Another useful but much less active recruit was Tennyson. Although he did little beyond subscribing £10 and sending a letter in praise of Eyre, the Laureate's name was, in itself, a plum much cherished by Carlyle's committee. Tennyson was, in reality, somewhat bewildered by the Eyre case. He kept asking himself the question: "Could Governor Eyre have prevented revolution and massacre otherwise?" After what must have been considerable soul-searching, his love of order and love of Empire overcame his honest doubt. He offered his subscription "as a protest against the spirit in which a servant of the State, who has saved to us one of the Islands of the Empire, and many English lives, seems to be hunted down." Like many others, in making his decision Tennyson was affected by his memories of the Indian Mutiny which, he wrote, "remains as a warning to all but madmen against want of vigour and swift decisiveness." As a concession to his doubts, however, he included in his letter one paragraph modifying his support of Eyre: "But my entering my name on your Committee might be looked upon as pledge that I approve of all the measures of Governor Eyre. I cannot assert that I do this, neither would I say that he has erred, my knowledge of the circumstances not being sufficient." No doubt Tennyson was mortified to discover that these modifying remarks were omitted by the Eyre Defence Committee when his letter was printed.[32] The Eyre case had forced him to show his hand a little more clearly than he would have liked.

It is surprising that the doubts which bothered Tennyson do not seem to have occurred to John Tyndall. An outstanding Victorian scientist, Tyndall might reasonably have been expected to join his colleagues (especially his close friend Huxley) in attacking Eyre and the reactionaries. Instead, he became one of the most active members of Carlyle's executive. Because his presence there weakened the solid front of scientists opposing Eyre, he was shrewdly employed to make strategic speeches and to propose resolutions. His services on the committee were really another tribute to Carlyle's influence. *Past and Present* had been a turning-point in Tyndall's intellectual development and had made him Carlyle's loyal disciple and friend. The Eyre case showed clearly that his political convictions were

[31] *Ibid.*, XVII, 413, and XVIII, 552-4.

[32] *Alfred Lord Tennyson: A Memoir* (London, 1897), II, 40-1, and Hamilton Hume, *Life of Edward John Eyre* (London, 1867), 291.

more deeply rooted than his previous alliance with his fellow-scientists. Huxley said with regret that his "dear friend Tyndall, with whom I almost always act" had, like others, more respect for "hero worship" than for "justice," and he summed up what was happening in a shrewd comment: "In point of fact, men take sides on this question, not so much by looking at the mere facts of the case, but rather as their deepest political convictions lead them. And the great use of the prosecution . . . is that it will help a great many people to find out what their profoundest political beliefs are."[33]

Huxley's comment applies not only to Tyndall but to another of his friends, Charles Kingsley, who had also aligned himself with Carlyle on the Eyre Defence Committee. The trouble with poor Kingsley, however, was that his "profoundest political beliefs" were of a conflicting variety, and, like many muddled thinkers, he suffered a number of unpleasant experiences as a result of becoming involved in a controversy in which fine distinctions were unwelcome. His reactions are an especially interesting illustration of the impact of the Eyre case. Like Dickens, Kingsley had earned by his novels the reputation of being a great reformer and friend of the working man, and he had many ties with leaders of the Jamaica Committee, especially with Thomas Hughes, his most intimate friend. For this reason he might have been inclined to throw in his lot with Mill, but he had other convictions which ran deeper. On his mother's side, he was of West Indian stock (emancipation, he used to say, had cost him his fortune) and he had acquired some of the typical planter prejudices. To these were added a growing conservatism and a sentimental love of soldiers and adventure, both of which were stronger than his sentiments for reform. Finally, his younger brother and fellow-novelist, Henry Kingsley, was the first author in England to have written on Eyre's behalf. Henry, who had known of Eyre in Australia, had for many years looked upon him as a hero, and, before news of the Jamaica insurrection reached England, had published an essay praising his bravery as an explorer.[34]

These factors induced Charles Kingsley to join his brother on the executive of the Eyre Defence Committee. At first his part was a prominent one. When Governor Eyre was recalled to England, he was greeted at Southampton by a crowd of his supporters, and on August 12, 1866, a banquet was held in his honour. At this banquet, the Reverend Charles Kingsley, Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, was the principal speaker. The theme of his speech was that Eyre's method of suppressing the riot was a glorious example of what he called "modern chivalry."[35]

Over Kingsley's head burst a storm of indignation. The *Saturday*

[33]Leonard Huxley, *Life and Letters of Huxley*, 303-4.

[34]Henry Kingsley, "Eyre, the South-Australian Explorer" (*Macmillan's*, Oct., 1865). The article was of considerable assistance to Eyre because of its testimony concerning his kindness to natives. Henry's letters to *The Times* defending Eyre are reprinted by S. M. Ellis, *Henry Kingsley* (London, 1931).

[35]See J. B. Atlay, "The Case of Governor Eyre" (*Cornhill*, Feb., 1902, 219); and *Saturday Review* (Oct. 20, 1866, 431).

Review commented that Mr. Kingsley's remarks were in "bad taste" but others expressed their disapproval much less politely. Kingsley, who was still smarting from the drubbing which Newman's *Apologia* had given him two years before, was badly shaken. To a correspondent he wrote: "I *have* followed the sage of Chelsea's teaching, about my noble friend, ex-Governor Eyre of Jamaica. I have been cursed for it, as if I had been a dog, who had never stood up for the working man when all the world was hounding him (the working man) down in 1848-9, and imperilled my own prospects in life in behalf of freedom and justice. Now, men insult me because I stand up for a man whom I believe ill-used, calumniated, and hunted to death by fanatics."[36]

The torrent of abuse showered on Kingsley after his speech, together with his somewhat divided mind on the whole subject, seem to explain why he thereafter wavered in his support of Carlyle and lost his nerve. He then had to face abuse from another direction. Two weeks after the Southampton speech, Carlyle was complaining of Charles Kingsley's timidity, of the way he was "still hanging back afraid." Ruskin never forgave Kingsley. Years later he remarked that Kingsley had "failed in the most cowardly way when we had the Eyre battle to fight." "I never thought much of muscular Christianity after that."[37] Caught in this cross-fire from friend and foe alike, Kingsley appears to have subsided into an unhappy silence. It is significant that in 1869, when he visited the West Indies and wrote his book *At Last*, he made no mention of the Eyre case whatever.[38] His brother Henry Kingsley likewise lost his firm conviction of the righteousness of Eyre's cause. By December, 1866, Henry was apologetically explaining to a friend: "Eyre is a noble fellow with all his mistakes."[39]

There were others of divided mind besides Kingsley, but they were not so impetuous and did not commit themselves so rashly. Carlyle's friend J. A. Froude was one example. Froude apologized for being what he called "one of the cowards" but as editor of *Fraser's* he was loath to take sides. Not until after a visit to Jamaica in 1886 did he formally declare his opinion that Eyre's actions were to be commended.[40]

Last of all there is Matthew Arnold. During the two years that the Eyre controversy was at its height, Arnold published his lectures *On the Study of Celtic Literature* and parts of *Culture and Anarchy* and *Friendship's Garland*. Lionel Trilling contends that the theme of the Celtic literature lectures was inspired by the Eyre case, but he cites no quotation from Arnold in which Eyre is mentioned. Indeed, to the best of my knowledge,

[36] *Charles Kingsley: Letters and Memories of His Life* (London, 1901), 241-2.

[37] *Works of Ruskin*, XXXIV, 609, and XVIII, xliv-xlvi; and Froude, *Carlyle*, IV, 280. Kingsley owed much to Carlyle, but he sometimes found him overbearing. See Moncure D. Conway, *Thomas Carlyle* (New York, 1881), 69, and M. F. Thorp, *Charles Kingsley* (Princeton, 1937), 93.

[38] *At Last* (published 1870) does not deal with Jamaica directly, but the many passages in which the negro problem is discussed gave Kingsley an opportunity to refer to Eyre again, if he had not preferred to avoid the subject.

[39] Ellis, *Henry Kingsley*, 164.

[40] Froude, *The English in the West Indies*, chaps. XII and XVI.

in none of his writings does Arnold ever speak of Governor Eyre directly—a rather surprising omission. Perhaps he disapproved of the lack of "disinterestedness" of the participants on both sides of the controversy and thus avoided making direct comments, but there can be little doubt where his sympathies lay. He was instinctively on the side of Carlyle. The Hyde Park riots had stirred him profoundly and led, of course, to his writing *Culture and Anarchy*. In the minds of most of his readers, the Hyde Park riots were intimately linked with the Jamaica insurrection. For such outbreaks of anarchy Arnold had no sympathy. Culture, he wrote, "enjoins us to encourage and uphold the occupants of the executive power, whoever they may be, in firmly prohibiting them [riots]."[41] This remark might have been written by the Eyre Defence Committee. The phrase *whoever they may be* is especially revealing. In another passage (quoting his father) Arnold sounds as fierce as Carlyle: "As for rioting, the old Roman way of dealing with *that* is always the right one: flog the rank and file, and fling the ring-leaders from the Tarpeian Rock."[42] In fact, many passages of *Culture and Anarchy* acquire an added interest when one realizes that the Eyre case was fresh in the minds of Arnold's first readers.

The final stages of the Eyre case involve a maze of legal technicalities which need not concern us here. The climax came in April, 1867, when an indictment of Eyre's subordinates was brought before the Grand Jury. So much excitement had been aroused that the Lord Chief Justice himself took over the case and delivered the charge to the Grand Jury in a speech lasting six hours. This speech, which is still a classic analysis of martial law, definitely indicated that Governor Eyre and his subordinates were at fault. Mill was grateful for this authoritative vindication of his contention, but his triumph was short lived. The Grand Jury, ignoring the words of the Chief Justice, refused to allow the prosecution to continue. And so Carlyle had the last word. In *Shooting Niagara: and After* he chuckled: "Lordship, if you were to speak for six hundred years, instead of six hours, you would only prove the more to us that, unwritten if you will, but real and fundamental, anterior to all written laws . . . there must have been, and is, and will be, coeval with Human Society . . . an actual *Martial Law*, of more validity than any other law whatever."

Only after many years was it possible to be more judicious. By the turn of the century the Eyre case was no longer a living controversy. But the split which it had so effectively revealed in the Victorian world of letters still remained, and the main problem of the case is with us still. As *The Times* commented on the occasion of Eyre's death: "Its passions have long since died away, its issues have never been finally decided. Perhaps they never will be as long as mankind are divided into two types represented by Mill and Carlyle respectively."[43]

[41] *Culture and Anarchy*, ed. J. D. Wilson (Cambridge, 1935), 97.
[42] *Ibid.*, 203.
[43] *The Times*, Dec. 6, 1901, 788.

VIRGINIA WOOLF AS A LITERARY CRITIC

DESMOND PACEY

She was a born critic, and a critic whose judgments were inborn, unhesitating. She is always referring her impressions to a standard—hence the incisiveness, the depth and the comedy that make those spontaneous statements so illuminating. There is nothing naïve about her. She is by no means a simple spectator. Maxims fall from her pen. She sums up; she judges. But it is done effortlessly. She has inherited the standard and accepts it without effort. She is heir to a tradition, which stands guardian and gives proportion.[1]

THUS Virginia Woolf writes of Madame de Sévigné, and in so doing utters a judgment which is at least as true of herself as of her subject. For Mrs. Woolf was herself a born critic, an impressionist who nevertheless had clear and consistent standards of judgment, a literary experimenter to whom tradition was a real and living force.

From her father, Leslie Stephen, she inherited and acquired an eager interest in literature, and especially in that of the eighteenth century. From first to last she moved among people to whom the high importance of literature and the arts was self-evident, and to whom criticism was a staple of conversation and one of the assumed necessities of daily life. It was almost inevitable, then, that she should seek to refine her impressions, form judgments, and, when she had subjected them to rigorous review and revision, publish them. The product was the two series of *The Common Reader* (1925 and 1932), the critical essays in *The Death of the Moth* (1942) and *The Moment and Other Essays* (1947), and the pamphlets *Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown* (1924) and *Letter to a Young Poet* (1932).

Her critical approach is modest and unassuming. Her essays read like conversation which has been purged of redundancy, triviality, and flatulence, but which has retained all its informality, warmth, and verve. Though sometimes maxims fall from her pen, though she does not hesitate to sum up and judge, she does so casually and easily. She never essays the role of pontiff, nor speaks with academic condescension. She is professedly "the common reader," apologizing semi-seriously for her ignorance:

> But before I begin, I must own up to those defects, both real and acquired, which, as you will find, distort and invalidate all that I have to say about poetry. The lack of a sound university training has always made it impossible for me to distinguish between an iambic and a dactyl, and if this were not enough to condemn one for ever, the practice of prose has bred in me, as in most prose writers, a foolish jealousy, a righteous indignation—anyhow, an emotion which the critic should be without.[2]

She is impatient of rules—and of schools. "It would appear, then," she writes in an essay on Christina Rossetti, "that there are at least three

[1] *The Death of the Moth* (London, 1942), 40.
[2] *Letter to a Young Poet* (London, 1932), 7.

schools of criticism. . . . This is confusing. . . . Better perhaps read for oneself, expose the mind bare to the poem, and transcribe in all its haste and imperfection whatever may be the result of the impact."[3]

The result of exposing the mind bare to the poem, novel, play, or essay is what Virginia Woolf gives us in her criticism. It is, in other words, impressionistic criticism, though she is not fair to herself when she speaks of its being transcribed in haste and imperfection. One has the sense always that her impressions have been carefully weighed, refined, chastened, clarified, before transcription. They are the impressions, moreover, of an extremely sensitive mind, and of a mind well steeped in literary tradition: the element of the merely private and eccentric is reduced to a minimum. What she seeks always is the heart of a book, its special quality, its distinctive core of meaning, rather than to dazzle us with some private illumination of her own or to prove some pet critical doctrine.

But her impressionism and her impatience with rules do not argue a lack of standards. Though she seldom indulges in abstract theory, though she never obtrudes the standards to which her impressions are referred, the standards are there, in the background of even the slightest essay, and they are maintained with a high degree of consistency.

Chief among these standards is an insistence upon wholeness, upon singleness of vision and effect in a work of art. She informs the young poet that his task is "to find the relation between things that seem incompatible yet have a mysterious affinity, to absorb every experience that comes your way fearlessly and saturate it completely so that your poem is a whole, not a fragment."[4] Discussing the novels of E. M. Forster, she declares "if there is one gift more essential to a novelist than another it is the power of combination—the single vision."[5] George Meredith incurs her disapproval because "he seems to be of two minds as to his intention."[6]

Achievement of this singleness of effect, of course, depends upon the artist's passion for form. "The thirty-two chapters of a novel," she writes, "are an attempt to make something as formed and controlled as a building."[7] She reserves her greatest praise for writers such as Henry James and Jane Austen who were devoted to conscientious craftsmanship. All of James's books have "the final seal upon them of artistic form";[8] whatever Jane Austen writes "is finished and turned."[9] Of a relatively slipshod artist such as Shelley, on the other hand, she is severely critical: "How are we to account for the fact that we remember him as a great poet and find him on opening his pages a bad one? The explanation seems to be that he was not a 'pure poet.' He did not concentrate his meaning in a small space; there is nothing in Shelley's poetry as rich and compact as the odes of Keats."[10]

[3] *The Second Common Reader* (New York, 1932), 263.
[4] *Letter to a Young Poet*, 22.
[5] *The Death of the Moth*, 106-7.
[6] *The Second Common Reader*, 247.
[7] *Ibid.*, 283.
[8] *The Death of the Moth*, 100.
[9] *The Common Reader* (New York, 1925), 194.
[10] *The Death of the Moth*, 82.

Her second great principle is the impersonality of all great art. Gissing is an imperfect novelist because through his books "one sees the life of the author faintly covered by the lives of fictitious people. With such writers we establish a personal rather than an artistic relationship."[11] She makes a similar point about George Moore, but argues it more fully:

All his novels are written, covertly and obliquely, about himself. . . . But are not all novels about the writer's self, we might ask? It is only as he sees people that we can see them; his fortunes colour and his oddities shape his vision until what we see is not the thing itself, but the thing seen and the seer inextricably mixed. There are degrees, however. The great novelist feels, sees, believes with such intensity of conviction that he hurls his belief outside himself and it flies off and lives an independent life of its own, becomes Natasha, Pierre, Levin, and is no longer Tolstoy. When, however, Mr. Moore creates a Natasha she may be charming, foolish, lovely, but her beauty, her folly, her charm are not hers, but Mr. Moore's. All her qualities refer to him. In other words, Mr. Moore is completely lacking in dramatic power. On the face of it, *Esther Waters* has all the appearance of a great novel: it has sincerity, shapeliness, style; it has surpassing seriousness and integrity; but because Mr. Moore has not the strength to project Esther from himself its virtues collapse and fall about it like a tent with a broken pole.[12]

The same idea pops up again, in an unexpected context, when she is discussing Lord Chesterfield's *Letters*: "It may be that the art of pleasing has some connection with the art of writing. To be polite, considerate, controlled, to sink one's egotism, to conceal rather than to obtrude one's personality may profit the writer even as they profit the man of fashion."[13] Whether this preference for impersonal art accounts for her interest in the literature of the eighteenth century, or merely reflects it, it is impossible to determine; but that there is a close connection between them is obvious.

A corollary of this doctrine of impersonality is her belief that the artist should not obtrude his opinions or regard art as a pulpit. Of Meredith she writes:

His teaching seems now too strident and too optimistic and too shallow. It obtrudes; and when philosophy is not consumed in a novel, when we can underline this phrase with a pencil, and cut out that exhortation with a pair of scissors and paste the whole thing into a system, it is safe to say that there is something wrong with the philosophy or with the novel or with both. Above all, his teaching is too insistent. He cannot . . . suppress his own opinion. And there is nothing that characters in fiction resent more. If, they seem to argue, we have been called into existence merely to express Mr. Meredith's views upon the universe, we would rather not exist at all. Thereupon they die; and a novel that is full of dead characters, even though it is also full of profound wisdom and exalted teachings, is not achieving its aim as a novel.[14]

This idea that the novel's primary function is to display persons rather

[11] *The Second Common Reader*, 238.
[12] *The Second Common Reader*, 94.
[13] *The Death of the Moth*, 101.
[14] *Ibid.*, 253-4.

than to parade opinions occurs quite frequently in her essays. In *Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown* she writes, "I believe that all novels . . . deal with character, and that it is to express character—not to preach doctrines, sing songs, or celebrate the glories of the British Empire, that the form of the novel . . . has been evolved."[15]

But for all her passion for form and her conviction that the artist should not thrust his opinions upon us, Mrs. Woolf is no disciple of the art for art's sake school. Art can and should convey a message, provided that it is an organic part of the work and not an applied excrescence, and that it deals with the permanent and universal rather than the temporary and local. What she praises most highly in the work of Henry James is not his craftsmanship, or at least not that as something in and for itself, but the fact that "here, by a prodigious effort of concentration, the field of human activity is brought into fresh focus, revealing new horizons, new landmarks, and new lights upon it of right and wrong."[16] She feels that the surest way for the artist to achieve universality is to eschew the public and political issue in favour of the private and ethical. In ignoring the Napoleonic struggle and concentrating upon the private joys and sorrows of English country people, Jane Austen created something of enduring interest: "she was writing for everybody, for nobody, for our age, for her own."[17] "What she offers is, apparently, a trifle, yet is composed of something that expands in the reader's mind and endows with the most enduring form of life scenes which are outwardly trivial. . . . It has the permanent quality of literature. Think away the surface animation, the likeness to life, and there remains to provide a deeper pleasure, an exquisite discrimination of human values."[18] Chaucer and E. M. Forster afford other examples of her approved treatment of morality in literature. Of Chaucer she writes: "It is safe to say that not a single law has been framed or one stone set upon another because of anything that Chaucer said or wrote; and yet, as we read him, we are of course absorbing morality at every pore."[19] Forster has no great interest in institutions, no wide social curiosity; "his concern is with the private life; his message is addressed to the soul."[20]

What the artist should give us, then, is not a programme but an illumination, not a creed but a renewed sense of values. Yet this stress upon private and moral values was not mere escapism; it arose from Mrs. Woolf's conviction that the private issues were fully as important as the more obvious political ones, and that their successful resolution was a prerequisite for the resolution of the others. This is stated fully and clearly in a paragraph on Shelley:

Politically, Shelley's England has already receded, and his fight, valiant though it is, seems to be with monsters who are a little out of date, and therefore slightly ridiculous. But privately he is much closer to us. For

[15] *Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown* (London, 1924), 9-10.
[16] *The Death of the Moth*, 98.
[17] *The Common Reader*, 193.
[18] *Ibid.*, 197-8.
[19] *Ibid.*, 32.
[20] *Ibid.*, 201.

alongside the public battle rages, from generation to generation, another fight which is as important as the other, though much less is said about it. Husband fights with wife and son with father. The poor fight the rich and the employer fights the employed. There is a perpetual effort on the one hand to make all these relationships more reasonable, less painful and less servile; on the other, to keep them as they are. Shelley, both as son and husband, fought for reason and freedom in private life, and his experiments, disastrous as they were in many ways, have helped us to greater sincerity and happiness in our own conflicts. The Sir Timothys of Sussex are no longer so prompt to cut their sons off with a shilling; the Booths and the Baxters are no longer quite so sure that an unmarried wife is an unmitigated demon. The grasp of convention upon private life is no longer quite so coarse or quite so callous because of Shelley's successes and failures.[22]

It is in this context that her most famous single critical pronouncement, the oft-quoted essay on "Modern Fiction,"[23] can be most fully appreciated. Her attack on the Edwardian social realists—Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, and John Galsworthy—is not the expression of a mere private grudge, or simply the reaction of a member of a new generation against the ideals of the previous one. It is a carefully considered rejection based on a theory of art which runs through all her critical writing. She is, to put it rather differently, appealing to tradition as well as to experiment; she is weighing their aims and achievements not only against her own but against those of Chaucer and Jane Austen. When she charges that the Edwardians "write of unimportant things; that they spend immense skill and immense industry making the trivial and the transitory appear the true and enduring,"[24] or pleads with us not to take it for granted that "life exists more fully in what is commonly thought big than in what is commonly thought small,"[25] she is not merely defending her own work against the charge of triviality but also expounding her conviction that it is the issues of private life which are really fundamental and universal. The true task of the novelist is to display the inner life of his characters, "to convey this varying, this unknown and uncircumscribed spirit, whatever aberration or complexity it may display, with as little mixture of the alien and external as possible."[26]

She saw that this effort to "reveal the flickerings of that innermost flame which flashes its messages through the brain"[27] would involve the disregard of many of the conventional signposts of fiction, and this brings us to another of her permanent principles, the necessity for literary experiment. When experiment ceases, literature dies. "Death in literature," she writes, "comes gracefully, smoothly, quietly. Lines slip easily down the accustomed grooves. The old designs are copied so glibly that we are half inclined to think them original, save for that very glibness."[28] She expresses

[22] *The Death of the Moth*, 83.

[23] This essay appears in *The Common Reader*, 207-18, and is reprinted in *English Critical Essays, Twentieth Century* (World's Classics; London, 1933).

[24] *The Common Reader*, 210. [25] *Ibid.*, 213. [26] *Ibid.* [27] *Ibid.*, 214.

[28] *Letter to a Young Poet*, 19.

her readiness to welcome any experimental technique which achieves its effect: "Any method is right, every method is right, that expresses what we wish to express."[29] Elsewhere she extends this welcome of novelty to the whole of life: "Movement and change are the essence of our being; rigidity is death; conformity is death. . . . For nothing matters except life; and, of course, order."[30]

That final clause serves to remind us that Mrs. Woolf's acceptance of experiment does not extend to anarchy or to irresponsible eccentricity. She has too strong a sense of the past, too great a respect for tradition, for that. She is critical of some of the more extreme manifestations of the experimental spirit in the twentieth century, though she recognizes the conditions which have prompted them: "At the present moment we are suffering, not from decay, but from having no code of manners which writers and readers accept as a prelude to the more exciting intercourse of friendship. The literary convention of the time is so artificial . . . that, naturally, the feeble are tempted to outrage, and the strong are led to destroy the very foundations and rules of literary society. Signs of this are everywhere apparent. Grammar is violated; syntax disintegrated. . . ."[31] And with that we have reached what is perhaps the heart of the problem of criticism for Mrs. Woolf, the point to which she returns again and again: how may the contemporary writer come to grips with the contemporary world?

For that he must come to grips with the world of his own time she is fully convinced. "Literature, if it is to keep us on the alert through five acts or thirty-two chapters must somehow be based on Smith, have one toe touching Liverpool. . . ."[32] She remarks approvingly of Chaucer that "he never flinched from the life that was being lived at the moment before his eyes."[33] She declares that Elizabeth Barrett "was inspired by a flash of true genius when she rushed into the drawing-room and said that here, where we live and work, is the true place for the poet."[34] But how can the writer of the twentieth century achieve any satisfactory relationship with a society in disintegration? The difficulties are immense. There are the restraints of prudery: "Chaucer could write frankly where we must either say nothing or say it slyly."[35] There is the bewildering multiplicity of substitutes for the old patron: "There is the daily Press, the monthly Press; the English public and the American public; the best-seller public and the worst-seller public; the high-brow public and the red-blood public; all now organized self-conscious entities capable through their various mouthpieces of making their needs known and their approval or displeasure felt."[36] We suffer from a peculiar cultural isolation: "We are sharply cut off from our predecessors. A shift in the scale—the war, the sudden slip

[29] *The Common Reader*, 215.
[30] *Ibid.*, 94.
[31] *Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown*, 21.
[32] *The Common Reader*, 75.
[33] *Ibid.*, 29.
[34] *The Second Common Reader*, 230.
[35] *The Common Reader*, 28-9.
[36] *Ibid.*, 288.

of masses held in position for ages—has shaken the fabric from top to bottom, alienated us from the past and made us perhaps too vividly conscious of the present."[37] We enjoy such a mass of accumulated knowledge that there seems little point in adding to it: "Collectively we know so much that there is little incentive to venture on private discoveries."[38]

But the chief deficiency of the present age, according to Mrs. Woolf, is its lack of certainty, of assured beliefs. We cannot produce great essays because we have none of that "obstinate conviction which lifts ephemeral sounds through the misty sphere of anybody's language to the land where there is perpetual marriage, a perpetual union."[39] We contrast unfavourably with the eighteenth century: "If the world was smaller it was also more compact; it knew its own mind; it had its own standards. Its poetry is affected by the same security. When we read *The Rape of the Lock* we seem to find ourselves in an age so settled and so circumscribed that masterpieces were popular."[40] Even the early nineteenth century possessed relative stability. Writing of Wordsworth and Scott, Mrs. Woolf says:

> We feel ourselves indeed driven to them, impelled not by calm judgment but by some imperious need to anchor our instability upon their security. . . . From what, then, arises that sense of security which gradually, delightfully, and completely overcomes us? It is the power of their belief —their conviction, that imposes itself upon us. . . . In both there is the same natural conviction that life is of a certain quality. They know the relations of human beings towards each other and towards the universe. Neither of them probably has a word to say about the matter outright, but everything depends upon it. Only believe, we find ourselves saying, and all the rest will come of itself.[41]

Faced with this contemporary confusion, she vacillates between determination to master it and despair that anything worth while can be accomplished. In the latter mood, she writes: "It is an age of fragments. A few stanzas, a few pages, a chapter here and there, the beginning of this novel, the end of that, are equal to the best of any age or author. But can we go to posterity with a sheaf of loose pages, or ask the readers of those days, with the whole of literature before them, to sift our enormous rubbish heaps for our tiny pearls?"[42] And in another place she observes: "We must reconcile ourselves to a season of failures and fragments. We must reflect that where so much strength is spent on finding a way to tell the truth the truth itself is bound to reach us in rather an exhausted and chaotic condition."[43] But on the whole it is the note of determination which prevails, the note which is so clearly sounded in this passage from *Letter to a Young Poet*:

[37] *Ibid.*, 326.
[38] *Ibid.*, 115.
[39] *Ibid.*, 307.
[40] *The Second Common Reader*, 89.
[41] *The Common Reader*, 328-9.
[42] *Ibid.*, 324.
[43] *Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown*, 22.

But how are you going to get out, into the world of other people? That is your problem now, if I may hazard a guess—to find the right relationship, now that you know yourself, between the self that you know and the world outside. It is a difficult problem. No living poet has, I think, altogether solved it. And there are a thousand voices prophesying despair. Science, they say, has made poetry impossible; there is no poetry in motor cars and wireless. And we have no religion. All is tumultuous and transitional. Therefore, so people say, there can be no relation between the poet and the present age. But surely that is nonsense. These accidents are superficial; they do not go nearly deep enough to destroy the most profound and primitive of instincts, the instinct of rhythm. All you need now is to stand at the window and let your rhythmical sense open and shut, open and shut, boldly and freely, until one thing melts into another, until the taxis are dancing with the daffodils, until a whole has been made from all these separate fragments.[44]

"A whole . . . from . . . fragments"—again we see Virginia Woolf insisting upon what is, to her, the cardinal principle of art. The wheel has come full circle; we have made our survey of the principles which inform, and the problems which agitate, her literary criticism. What is the value of her criticism? In the first place, it serves as an enlightening commentary upon her own creative work. Knowing her stress upon wholeness and form and her distrust of a detachable philosophy in fiction, we shall look in her novels for pattern and design rather than for a message in the usual sense. Aware of her distaste for thinly disguised autobiography in fiction, we shall not make the mistake of equating Mrs. Dalloway or Mrs. Watson with Mrs. Woolf, or of attributing to the author opinions which she puts into the mouths of her characters. Conscious of her preference for the private rather than the public issue, we shall read her novels not for political or economic commentary but for a sharpened sense of life, an enrichment of experience, a renewed consciousness of the complexity of persons and their relationships. Having seen with what frankness and earnestness she wrestles, in her criticism, with the problem of the artist in the contemporary world, we shall approach her own efforts to catch the distinctive rhythms of modern life, and to combine tradition with experiment, with greater sympathy and understanding.

But her criticism, I believe, has value in itself, not simply in relation to her novels. She has a genius for summing up a writer's essential quality in a brief, vivid, and metaphorical sentence. Here are some examples, and the writers to whom they refer:

(Hazlitt) Sentence follows sentence with the healthy ring and chime of a blacksmith's hammer on the anvil; the words glow and the sparks fly; gently they fade and the essay is over.[45]

(Coleridge) As we enter his radius he seems not a man but a swarm, a cloud, a buzz of words, darting this way and that, clustering, quivering and hanging suspended.[46]

[44] *Letter to a Young Poet*, 21-2.
[45] *The Death of the Moth*, 69.
[46] *The Common Reader*, 199.

(Henry James) It is the half light in which he sees most, and sees farthest.[47]

(Hakluyt) Hakluyt is not so much a book as a great bundle of commodities loosely tied together, an emporium, a lumber room strewn with ancient sacks, obsolete nautical instruments, huge bales of wool, and little bags of rubies and emeralds.[48]

(Dostoevsky) The novels of Dostoevsky are seething whirlpools, gyrating sandstorms, waterspouts which hiss and boil and suck us in.[49]

(Horace Walpole) His letters have a fine hard glaze upon them that preserve them, like the teeth of which he was so proud, from the little rubs and dents of familiarity.[50]

(Gibbon) We seem, for hours on end, mounted on a celestial rocking-horse which, as it gently sways up and down, remains rooted in a single spot. In the soporific idleness thus induced we recall with regret the vivid partizanship of Macaulay, the fitful and violent poetry of Carlyle.[51]

The temptation to go on quoting such passages is almost irresistible. They are the product, obviously, of a mind which responds with unusual sensitivity to the essential quality of a writer, and which has a high capacity for the enjoyment of literature.

And that, I believe, is Virginia Woolf's greatest contribution as a critic. As the chief, or almost the chief, representative of impressionistic criticism at a time when scientific and historical criticism have dominated the field, she serves to remind us that literature is above all something to be enjoyed. On the whole, the impact of scientific and scholarly methods on literary criticism has been salutary: it has swept away much empty rhetoric and discredited the fuzziness and irresponsible subjectivism into which romantic and impressionistic criticism is prone to degenerate. But scientific and scholarly criticism is also prone to degenerate, in the hands of its less able exponents. One finds in much contemporary criticism a certain pedantic humourlessness, a puritanic austerity, a carping irascibility. From reading it one would gather that the study of literature, far from being a delight, is a painful, even an agonizing, process. What is needed is a renewed emphasis upon the enjoyment of literature, and to that renewal Virginia Woolf has contributed her full share. "What he had read he had read with fervour,"[52] she says of Hazlitt, and the remark is equally true of herself.

Indeed it is with Hazlitt, of all other critics, that Virginia Woolf's affiliations are closest. She shares most of both his weaknesses and his strengths. Like him, she is occasionally prone to prejudice, especially when dealing with her immediate predecessors and contemporaries. She

[47] *Ibid.*, 87.
[48] *The Common Reader*, 61.
[49] *Ibid.*, 250.
[50] *The Death of the Moth*, 42.
[51] *Ibid.*, 55-6.
[52] *The Second Common Reader*, 196.

is less than just, it seems to me, in her attack upon the Edwardians, and she fumbles badly when she comes to James Joyce. It would be difficult to guess the erudition and gusto of the latter from this critique of *Ulysses:*

> It fails because of the comparative poverty of the writer's mind, we might say simply and have done with it. But it is possible to press a little further and wonder whether we may not refer our sense of being in a bright yet narrow room, confined and shut in, rather than enlarged and set free, to some limitation imposed by the method as well as by the mind. Is it the method that inhibits the creative power? Is it due to the method that we feel neither jovial nor magnanimous, but centred in a self which, in spite of its tremor of susceptibility, never embraces or creates what is outside itself and beyond?[53]

On the other hand, it is only fair to point out that she obviously is trying to do full justice to Joyce, and that there is not the slightest basis for suspecting that she wrote out of jealousy or any kind of personal malice.

Mrs. Woolf resembles Hazlitt also in that she cares little for exact scholarship and is only fitfully interested in the historical background of literature. In an amusing little essay called "Why?", which appears in *The Death of the Moth*, she pokes fun at the whole academic approach to literature, questions the value of teaching it in the universities, and pities a young man who has just produced a three hundred page book on the evolution of the Elizabethan sonnet. In her critical essays we find few references to the social and intellectual events and forces which shaped, or helped to shape, the books she is discussing; she does, however, display a lively interest in the domestic manners of the various periods, and she seems to have an intuitive sense of historical atmosphere.

Her essays are less prolix and repetitious than Hazlitt's but they are equally selective in subject and unsystematic in approach. She makes no pretence of covering the whole ground of English literature, and though the essays are arranged chronologically by subject she shows little concern with the historical development of the various literary forms. She will write as much or more on a very minor writer as on a great one, and many of the greatest she scarcely touches at all. Chaucer is there, but not Spenser;[54] the Duchess of Newcastle gets twelve pages, Shakespeare only three.

Her criticism, then, has definite limitations. But it also has definite strengths. She has the humour of Hazlitt, has it indeed more fully and richly. After quoting extensively from Macaulay's eulogy of Addison, she writes: "Whether Addison or another is interred within, it is a very fine tomb."[55] She has great fun with a priggish biography of Miss Mitford: "But how dangerous a thing is life! Can one be sure that anything not wholly made of mahogany will to the very end stand empty in the sun?

[53] *The Common Reader*, 214-15.

[54] Since this was written an essay on *The Faerie Queene* has appeared in *The Moment and Other Essays* (1947).

[55] *Ibid.*, 138.

Even cupboards have their secret springs, and when, inadvertently we are sure, Miss Hill touches this one, out, terrible to relate, topples a stout old gentleman. In plain English, Miss Mitford had a father. There is nothing actually improper in that. Many women have had fathers. But Miss Mitford's father was kept in a cupboard; that is to say, he was not a nice father."[56] In an essay on a certain Archbishop Thomson, she details his climb up the rungs of the clerical ladder, then writes: "It is a matter of temperament and belief whether you read this list with respect or with boredom; whether you look upon an archbishop's hat as a crown or as an extinguisher. If, like the present reviewer, you are ready to hold the simple faith that the outer order corresponds to the inner—that a vicar is a good man, a canon a better man, and an archbishop the best man of all—you will find the study of the Archbishop's life one of extreme fascination. He has turned aside from poetry and philosophy and law, and specialised in virtue."[57] As these selections indicate, Mrs. Woolf has Hazlitt's happy balance of sharp good sense and emotional warmth: her wit holds her back from any mere vague emotional rapture. She has Hazlitt's vigour too—a vigour in her critical writing that will come as something of a surprise to those who know her only by her novels (though they have far more vigour than most critics of them suggest). Above all, she has Hazlitt's gusto. Like him, she writes in a concrete and spontaneous style which communicates to us the full force and flavour of her response to the book under consideration.

There is no doubt that Virginia Woolf will be remembered primarily as a novelist, rather than as a critic. It is not part of the intention of this article to prove that her literary criticism alone would make her a candidate for eminence. But there is value and there is, above all, pleasure in her criticism. Add to that the fact that her critical standards throw much light upon her own intentions as a novelist, and it makes her literary criticism worthy of serious consideration.

[56] *Ibid.*, 264. [57] *Ibid.*, 281.

AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO*

D. G. Creighton

On Friday, June 7, 1889, in a crowded Convocation, the University of Toronto conferred upon Sir John A. Macdonald the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. It was a distinction which a good many people might have regarded as due—if not, indeed, long overdue. In January of that year, Sir John had celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday. For forty-five years he had been active in Canadian politics; he had been Prime Minister of the Dominion for seventeen out of the twenty-two years of its existence. In 1867 a grateful sovereign had made him a Knight Commander of the Bath; and his academic distinctions had an even longer history than his political honours. It was now twenty-four years since the the University of Oxford had conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Laws.

Why had the University of Toronto, the provincial university of Sir John's own province, failed to bestow upon him a comparable academic distinction? The curious inquirer, pondering this problem, might very naturally wonder whether its solution might be ultimately discovered in the realm of politics. He might remember that Oliver Mowat was then Premier of Ontario, and that in those days the relations between the provincial government and the provincial university were rather more intimate than has since been thought entirely desirable; and, putting two and two together, he might conclude that, in this case, as in so many others, the total was four. This instinct towards the calculations of political arithmetic would be a very natural one; but the conclusion, nevertheless, would be incorrect. For there is another, and a simpler explanation for the failure of the University of Toronto to honour Sir John Macdonald. The fact is that up until 1889, the University—with a single and much earlier exception—had granted no honorary degrees at all.

In 1889, however, a great light broke upon the University authorities. They had granted no honorary degrees before. They now proceeded to confer a large number in a single Convocation; and, in their choice of names, they showed a boldness and an address which are usually regarded as characteristic, not of novices, but of expert practitioners, with long experience and consummate ability in their chosen art. Eight honorary degrees were conferred, four of them upon eminent statesmen, who were chosen impartially from the two great Canadian parties. Oliver Mowat, the Liberal premier, marched up the aisle in the agreeable company of William Ralph Meredith, the leader of the Conservative opposition; and

*This paper, in a somewhat different form, was read to the Ontario Historical Society at its annual meeting in June, 1947. I am indebted to Mr. G. W. Spragge, Secretary-Treasurer of the Society, for generous assistance in deciphering the letter-books of Bishop Strachan.

Sir John Macdonald's name was listed side by side with that of his veteran antagonist, Edward Blake.

On June 7, 1889, Sir John had almost exactly two years more to live. He was an old and a very weary man; but in this, his sole formal appearance before Convocation of the University of Toronto, he seemed almost to be his youthful self—jaunty, casual, friendly, with hints of irrepressible high spirits and irreverent good humour. When Sir Daniel Wilson had finished his introduction, Sir John, we are told, jumped up, with almost youthful alacrity, to receive his degree. His speech was characteristically laconic and informal. He made the usual remark about being the youngest graduate—a witticism of which it might at least be said that it was nearly sixty years younger then than now. He referred pleasantly to his son, Hugh John Macdonald, as a brother graduate; and then, after a few casual expressions of friendly goodwill, he sat down. The other degrees were conferred; the Vice-Chancellor, Mr. William Mulock, delivered a lengthy discourse on the subject of matriculation standards; and Convocation was over. In a minute, Sir John was bowing, shaking hands, remembering names, smiling and joking with that promiscuous affability which had astonished and outraged his political opponents for nearly fifty years.

There was, however, one very brief passage in Sir John's speech which deserves particular notice, for it serves appropriately to introduce a curious historical problem. With no very striking originality of metaphor, the old man recalled that he had watched over the cradle of the infant university; and, of course, he went on to congratulate it on its subsequent lusty growth. The passage was quite brief; there were probably few people in the audience who appreciated its significance; but it was, nevertheless, the key to Sir John's thoughts for at least a part of that June day in 1889. The fact was that he was in one of his comparatively rare reminiscential moods. His mind ranged back forty-two years to the summer of 1847, to his own first brief tenure of political office, to the time when, as Receiver-General of the Province of Canada, he had introduced the bills which constituted the last attempt of the Conservative government to settle the university question. As he drove up that afternoon to the University, he told Joseph Pope the whole story of the university bills—the first important bills which he had ever presented to the legislature as a minister of the Crown. There can be little doubt that Pope was surprised and delighted. He may very well have had his eye fixed already on his future biography; and it was a rare thing, a deplorably rare thing, for Sir John to indulge in extended reminiscences. That evening Pope must have hurried back to his lodgings to copy out with loving exactitude the lengthy confidences of his chieftain; and the result, as we have it today, is the extended passage, given in inverted commas, as Sir John's own narrative, which is printed on pages 54-5 of the original edition of Sir Joseph Pope's biography:

"When I entered the Government in 1847, the University of Toronto was called King's College, and was altogether a Church of England institution, largely endowed by Government. The Administration of which I was a member proposed to Dr. Strachan, who was at the head of King's College, that the college property should be taken over by the Government, who would allow them £3,000 per annum ($12,000) for the Church of England College, and £1,500 each to Queen's College, Kingston, (Presbyterian), Regiopolis College, Kingston, (Roman Catholic), and Victoria College, Cobourg, (Wesleyan). Dr. Strachan agreed to this, and I introduced the bills. They were going through the House, when Strachan drew back. He wrote to William Boulton (M.P. for Toronto), that he withdrew his consent to the arrangement. The bills accordingly fell through. The general election came on, and the Government was defeated. Baldwin and La Fontaine came into power, passed an Act secularizing King's College and its property, which became the University of Toronto, as it is to-day. The Church of England lost every sixpence in consequence. Dr. Strachan had to go home to England, and, after infinite trouble, succeeded in raising £10,000, with which he founded the present Trinity College, which has been in a hard-up condition ever since."

Sir John added that, in his opinion, no man had ever been more unduly lauded than Bishop Strachan, whose obstinacy did more harm to the Church of England in Canada than anything else. It cost her, in this particular instance, $12,000 a year for ever.

Now this passage is an interesting one. Its circumstantial detail and its critical attitude are alike significant. Sir John's historical narratives were usually simple, straightforward, matter-of-fact, relatively uncoloured by emotion; but in this anecdote there is surely a note of disparagement, of resentment, even of vindictive satisfaction. The uncomplimentary allusion to Trinity College is matched by the severely unfavourable judgment passed upon its founder, Bishop Strachan, who is described, without qualification, as an obstinate and overrated man. Sir John had a long memory—a truly Highland memory—for the circumstances, and the authors, of his disappointments and frustrations; but are we to accept, on his authority alone, this story of the Bishop of Toronto's virtual treachery? Is there any evidence by which it can be corroborated or qualified? What was the origin and nature of the university bills of 1847? Were they based upon a previous agreement with John Strachan? And was it Strachan's breach of this agreement which caused their abrupt withdrawal?

II

Nothing could have been more ambiguous and uncertain than the position of the University of Toronto in the summer of 1847. Its birth had been long and agonizingly difficult; its childhood had been made acutely miserable by the constant quarrels of its guardians over every aspect of upbringing and development. The famous—or notorious—Royal Charter, secured in 1827 by the piety and pertinacity of Archdeacon Strachan, had for two decades attracted the concentrated and irritated

attention of every politician, religious leader, and educational theorist in the province. Year after year, in a long succession of speeches, editorials, and pamphlets, the advocates of unity and secularization had done battle with the champions of local autonomy and sectarian control; and nothing, it is safe to say, that came up for discussion during the eighteen-forties—not the Clergy Reserves, nor the repeal of the Corn Laws, nor even the great principle of Responsible Government—provoked a more decided division of public opinion or a more vehement expression of conflicting views than did the ill-fated and apparently everlasting problem of the university.

The first of the long series of university bills—they appeared, for some time, almost annually in the legislature—had been Robert Baldwin's university bill of 1843. This measure had provided the maximum of secularization and the maximum of centralization, for it abolished all religious tests except for chairs in divinity and subjected all the constituent colleges in the new university—King's, Queen's, Victoria, and Regiopolis—to a common system, mainly secular in character, of legislative and administrative control. It could hardly be expected that a measure such as this, which at one stroke removed both the Anglicanism and the endowment of King's College, would be very acceptable to John Strachan, Bishop of Toronto; and, in fact, the bishop proceeded to denounce the whole plan in a long, agitated, and uncompromising petition, in which such emotional adjectives as "deadly," "Godless," "tyrannical," and "revolutionary" were copiously mingled. But the Bishop of Toronto and King's College Council did not stand alone in their opposition. For, although Dr. Liddell, of Queen's, had helped to initiate the Baldwin bill, and although both Queen's and Victoria would unquestionably have welcomed the termination of King's College monopoly of the university endowment, there were other features of the bill—the smallness of the grants to the colleges, the drastic limitation of their autonomy, and, above all, the suppression of all religious tests—which were profoundly disturbing to both Presbyterians and Methodists.

Whether this opposition, united with the opposition which Baldwin's other measures had already awakened in his own party, would have proved sufficient to postpone the university bill, or to modify it in any important particulars, or even—which is conceivable—to break up the administration itself, we shall, unfortunately, never know. For, by a coincidence which seemed then, and which still seems, more than a little curious, the Baldwin-Lafontaine government resigned at the very time when the final reading of the university bill was about to take place. Ostensibly, of course, the resignation had nothing whatever to do with the university bill. As is well known, the Reform ministry departed, not to escape from its legislative perplexities, but to vindicate its lofty constitutional principles of Responsible Government in the matter of patronage. A new Tory government, patched together after some delay, narrowly won the general election of 1844; and thus uneasily confirmed in the possession of power, it took

up all the current problems of administration, including, of course, the problem of university reform.

Almost immediately it became evident that the attitude of the new Conservative government to the university question—and its attitude, in fact, to most of the legislative problems which confronted it—was hesitant, uncertain, and contradictory. The government was weak. Again and again it was sustained by only a handful of votes. But its numerical weakness, though undeniably important, was perhaps less important in the end than its inward and fatal divisions. There were two groups in the government, for there were two groups in the party; the party, struggling through the perilous middle period of a great metamorphosis, hovered ambiguously between its old and its new self, between the Toryism of the past and the Liberal-Conservatism of the future. On the one hand were the realists, Draper, Morris, Macdonald, and Gowan, who sensed that in that age of reform and revolution, political and economic, social and ecclesiastical, the party must either modify its philosophy or suffer annihilation. On the other hand were the traditionalists, MacNab, Boulton, Robinson, and the Sherwoods, men who bore the old names and maintained the ancient verities of the Family Compact, who were beginning, certainly, to change their ideas of colonial government but who still clung tenaciously to their perhaps even more fundamental convictions respecting the proper relationship of church and state, and the legitimate connection between religion and education. Between these two groups the issue was basic and inescapable; and the real explanation of the embarrassments, postponements, and contradictions which marked the Tory régime from 1844 to 1848, is the struggle—not secret, but openly declared—which was waged during these years within the bosom of the party for the control of its policy.

William Henry Draper, who accepted office as Attorney-General in 1843, was the first leader of the Conservative reform movement. He was, in many ways, an admirable choice. A big man, solemn, dignified, but urbane, with a sound legal education, a talent for lucid, if detailed, exposition, and a persuasive eloquence which earned him the sobriquet of "Sweet William," he might almost have seemed designed by nature to lead the Tory party out of the old ways of routine and into the unfamiliar but rewarding paths of experiment. His poise, his learning, his genuine distinction, ought to have met the social standards of the Old Guard; his political wisdom and astuteness, his sure sense of the general strategy of reorganization, certainly won for him the confidence of the young, combat division of the party. He seemed to promise success. And yet—and yet—there were inconspicuous but alarming portents of failure. The frantic hostility of the Toronto Tories, who hated this successful interloper on both personal and public grounds, could be expected in advance. But while Draper admittedly possessed the courage to confront their opposition and the supple address to circumvent it, had he the tenacity to see through to its conclusion the long, devious, and acrimonious process of their defeat?

He had accepted office reluctantly. He found it difficult not to regard the hurly-burly of Canadian politics with an old-fashioned, fastidious aversion. The open quarrelling, and the incessant subterranean intrigue brought him no joy of combat, but only the dull unease of weariness and disgust. His eye wandered wistfully towards the seclusion of the bench and the legal library, towards the calm and unhurried composition of those elaborate judicial opinions, full of exact definitions and refined distinctions and learned allusions, which he did so well and enjoyed so much.

Yet, in 1844, Draper was the one obvious hope of reformist Canadian Conservatives, and Macdonald seems to have realized this from the beginning. Macdonald had been elected for Kingston in 1844, when he was only twenty-nine. It was not the least important episode of a highly important election, for it brought master and disciple together for a few brief years; and Draper's position in the ministry, and all that that position implied for Conservatism, may very well have confirmed Macdonald's political loyalties and helped to decide his future career. His background and instincts were clearly Conservative, but he had no affiiliations whatever with the Family Compact in general and the Toronto Tories in particular. He was a Presbyterian, in an age when religious denomination counted for much, and when almost everybody of any consequence in the Tory party was an Anglican. He had been educated, not at Upper Canada College, but at the Kingston Grammar School; and he had acquired his legal training, not in some spacious and dignified legal establishment in Toronto, but in little, crowded, and obscure offices in Kingston and Picton and Napanee. High Tory arguments failed to convince him; high Tory pretensions left him cheerfully unimpressed; and once in the spring of 1846 he spoke with such irreverent disrespect of the Boulton family that he risked a duel with young William Boulton, one of the Toronto members. The Reformers, as they looked after his tall attractive figure, must have regarded him with an exasperation which was at least faintly mingled with respect, regret—perhaps even with hope. He was, declared the *Globe* (modifying, perhaps purposefully, its ferocious banter), one "of that species of respectable loose-fish who denounce High Churchism and Family Compactism, and prate about opening King's College; who are guided more by *personal feelings* than *principle*, and are prepared to *take office* under *any* administration, at the shortest notice."

If Macdonald was ready to pledge his loyalty to Draper, it was equally true that Draper was prepared to give his confidence and support to Macdonald. What had inspired the Attorney-General's approval? In so many ways, in background, temperament, and talents, the two men appeared so radically different. While Draper was a practised and fluent speaker, Macdonald, in these early days, addressed the house only at long intervals and with modest brevity. While Draper radiated an impressive air of gravity and high seriousness, Macdonald, with his casual, lounging manner, his perpetual flow of robust good spirits, and his

occasional bouts of mere idleness and conviviality, seemed, at times, to exhibit a deplorable lack of earnestness. Yet he was reliable—an indefatigable parliamentarian. He seemed to know everybody. In caucus, he must have been fertile of device and expedient. In committee he was certainly briskly efficient enough to impress Draper with his businesslike "activity of mind." Yet was there not something else—something in which all these things were elements but which was greater than their sum—a mixture of tact and wisdom, of insight and knowledge, which surely meant high political ability, which might even mean statesmanship? Draper smiled upon his protégé. As early as the summer of 1846, he was recommending him for office. It was with men such as this that he would do successful battle with the Family Compact for the control of Canadian Conservatism.

III

In this struggle, the university question was the central, symbolic issue. No person was more acutely conscious of this than Draper. He brought the matter up immediately, in the first session of the new parliament. He was determined upon a moderate measure, which would extend no more concessions to his own extremist associates than to any other group of critics of the Baldwin bill. To please the clergy of all denominations, he introduced a moderate religious test; to placate the colleges, he gave these institutions a larger share of government support and a greater influence in the affairs of the university than Baldwin had permitted them. But the main principles, the most popular features, of the Baldwin measure—unification, centralization, and partition of the university endowment—were all preserved intact. Queen's and Victoria—the latter with some important qualifications—might very possibly have accepted the plan. The real opposition came not from these institutions but from King's College itself, from its friends among the Anglican clergy and its supporters in the provincial parliament.

The leaders of the ultra-Tory resistance in the legislature were the two Toronto members, Henry Sherwood and William Henry Boulton. Both came of old, distinguished families, prominent in the "Compact," conspicuous in the able, and dignified bureaucracy of pre-rebellion days; and both were Anglicans, hostile to the secular control of education and bitterly opposed to the disendowment of King's College. William Boulton's volubly earnest support of the rights and claims of his church had earned him the ironical title of "Defender of the Faith." He spoke so often and at such inordinate length on university matters that the Reformers gave him the irreverent nickname of "University Bill." And Sherwood, though he was Solicitor-General and thus a member of the government, was equally downright in his opposition to Draper's measure. Sherwood, who was distinctly the abler of the two, seems to have been an ambitious intriguing, overbearing man, who, as events proved, was incapable of

leadership himself but refused to accept the leadership of others. Together, the Toronto members represented an ancient party tradition which was still vital and combative. If ever Draper's plans were to be matured, if ever he was to succeed in transforming the Toryism of the past into the Liberal-Conservatism of the future, this was the very group that must be converted or overborne.

For a moment it seemed certain that the university bills would hasten the controversy raging within the Tory party to its appointed crisis. Draper announced resolutely that the measure must be proceeded with. In one of those sudden bursts of passionate conviction by which his sauve demeanour was occasionally shaken, he informed the house that either Sherwood's resignation, or that of the rest of the government, was at stake. In that one wild moment of anger, he may have meant his threat. But no! he could not, would not, carry it out. There were other, less spectacular, but no less effective means of getting rid of Sherwood; and to break with the Solicitor-General now—prematurely, violently, and upon a point of such capital importance in Tory philosophy—was to risk an irremediable split in the party and the utter ruin of all his hopes. At the penultimate moment, Draper drew back. The university bills were dropped. Sherwood remained in office. And, for a year, Draper paid out rope to him, while the moderates gathered more closely about their leader. Then, after another twelvemonth, during which Sherwood repeated his performance of sulky indifference, obstruction, and intrigue, Draper struck. He advised, and the Governor-General approved of, Sherwood's removal from office. And the deed was done!

And then, to the consternation of Draper's associates and protégés, a dismaying but not entirely unexpected complication was revealed. Draper was the victor; but he had won only a battle, not a campaign, and still less the war; and he was sick and tired of the whole ugly business. He hankered even more acutely after retirement and judicial office; and when, in the winter of 1847, a suitable post at last became available, it was impossible to postpone any longer the satisfaction of his weary desire for rest. At once, all became confusion and apprehension again. With Draper's anxious approval, the moderates tried desperately to close and strengthen their ranks. Macdonald, who had refused office before, accepted it now, partly, no doubt, in response to William Morris's plea to lend his support in the approaching struggles with "the Family." It was only too true. The moderates had need of all their collective strength, for the Toronto group was still potent in the party, and determined upon office; and in the reorganization which inevitably followed Draper's retirement its claims could not be denied. In 1846 Sherwood had been virtually dismissed from the solicitor-generalship. Now, on the heels of Draper's retirement, he entered the ministry again to occupy the key post—the office of Attorney-General—which his rival had just vacated. The struggle was not yet ended. But Draper had tried, at any rate, to ensure that it would be

carried on on something like equal terms. He had abdicated; but he had also made a final effort to determine the succession. He had appointed his heirs. It was their obligation, and their opportunity, to struggle for the inheritance.

In 1847 when Macdonald accepted office, he was only thirty-two years of age. He was young—young even for that age of youthful political novices; but already he was developing his own characteristic manner, and his own distinctive interest and abilities. Although he was Receiver-General, although he held office at the very time when the repeal of the Corn Laws was apparently shattering the whole framework of British North American commerce, he appeared to take relatively little interest in these vast problems of the economic order. He concentrated upon something else—something equally profound and general in its significance—upon the difficult rivalries of the churches, the obscure controversies of college councils, the whole tangled and mysterious confusion of legal claims, religious convictions, denominational bigotries, and humane aspirations which made up the religious and cultural life of the province. Inevitably he was interested in the university question. When he accepted office, he described the problem as the most serious stumbling-block in the Tory path—as the issue, controversial above all others, which must be settled before the next general election. In his view, as in that of Draper, the first step was to prove to the party and the community that the old Tory philosophy of education could be reconciled with the circumstances of Canadian life. He and his friends evidently pressed their point of view in the reconstituted ministry; and for some reason or other, which we do not know and can only guess at, he was given the chance, ostensibly at least, to work out his solution of the problem.

Macdonald's university bills—the only important bills which he presented during his first brief term of office—differed from all previous legislation on the subject both in the simplicity of their terms and in the striking originality of their ideas. The principles of unity and secularization upon which even Draper's bills had been based to a considerable extent were now abandoned for the novel and contradictory principle of collegiate autonomy and sectarian control. All the colleges—King's, Queen's, Victoria, and Regiopolis—were maintained as independent centres of secular as well as religious instruction. King's College, which was to have its old charter of 1827 restored to it almost unchanged, was to become more than ever a strictly Church of England institution. And all that remained of the grand concept of a provincial university was a provincial university endowment board, in which all the colleges were equally represented and which was empowered to distribute the annual income of the endowment, giving £3000 yearly to King's and £1500 to each of the other colleges. The meaning of this remarkably astute piece of legislation was quite evident. Macdonald had preserved a large portion of the King's College endowment and he had maintained intact the Tory philosophy of edu-

cation by the simple but effective means of enlisting the other Christian communions in their defence.

For a while the success of the bills looked comfortably certain: the qualified acceptance of the Presbyterian organizations, the still less qualified acceptance of the Methodist organizations, the enthusiastic approbation of the *Christian Guardian*—all these were highly gratifying. King's College Council, to be sure, objected to the new measure in a series of somewhat tiresome criticisms; but on July 9 when Macdonald introduced the bills in parliament the old defenders of the exclusive rights and privileges of King's were discovered to have changed their tune. It was true that there was a certain—perhaps ominous—lack of enthusiasm in the support which the Toronto Tories gave Macdonald's measure. William Boulton, though he had a good word to say for the plan, reminded the house that he was opposed in principle to the division of the endowment; and Sherwood apparently did little more than recapitulate drily the chief provisions of the bills. Outwardly, however, the Tory front seemed unbroken. The bills were laid by for a while, but only in accordance with normal procedure; and they were due to come up again on July 26. On that day, to the consternation of all waiting and interested parties, the order for second reading was perfunctorily discharged. The bills were not debated; and they were never introduced again.

IV

What had happened? What had so abruptly stopped the last Tory effort to settle the university question? One reason is fairly obvious. In that particular assembly, with its shaky ministry and dubious majorities, any conceivable measure would probably have found its passage a doubtful one. On July 23, three days before the scheduled second reading, Macdonald had written to Alexander MacNab, the Principal of Victoria College, announcing gloomily that the bills would probably have to be postponed. He and his colleagues had failed, he declared, to gain the confidently expected vote of one recalcitrant Methodist; the Roman Catholics, for some mysterious reason, had turned against them to a man; and two members of their own party had gone over to the opposition on the issue. These considerations were certainly important and may have been conclusive. But were they the only considerations involved? Was there another consideration, which Macdonald almost certainly would not have been disposed, at the time, to reveal to Alexander MacNab, but which he felt perfectly free to communicate to Joseph Pope forty-two years later? Had Bishop Strachan given his consent to the university measure and then abruptly withdrawn it? And had his letter to William Boulton, renouncing the agreement, reopened the fatal division in the Conservative party which already, two years before, had caused the abandonment of Draper's bills?

In the unravelling of this curious problem it is fortunate that we possess some evidence not publicly available at an earlier period—the evidence of the letter-books of John Strachan. These letter-books contain, not copies of letters pressed on thin tissue paper, as was the custom then and later, but holograph drafts; and, in the absence of other evidence, it is, of course, impossible to be certain that the drafts were all copied out and sent or that other letters for which no drafts exist were not posted as well. Within these limits, however, the letter-books are extremely valuable. They contain, at any rate, a candid and detailed record of the inner convictions of the bishop; and the tale told by one of them, for this period on June and July, 1847, is, in the light of Sir John Macdonald's reminiscences, an unexpected and disconcerting story. Strachan wrote the drafts of three letters, partly or wholly on the university question, during these weeks; but all these drafts were addressed, and the resulting letters probably posted, to one and the same person—to John Hillyard Cameron, Solicitor-General for Upper Canada. Cameron was an Anglican, an old boy of Upper Canada College, and it is not at all surprising that Strachan should write to him. What is really surprising, in view of Sir John Macdonald's story, is that there is no draft at all of a letter to William Henry Boulton.

This, of course, might be merely an unimportant discrepancy. It might mean simply that Sir John had confused Boulton with Cameron, and that otherwise his account was substantially correct. But it is not so simple as this. For the draft letters do not confirm the story of an agreement made and broken on the subject of university policy. On the contrary, it seems reasonably clear from their evidence that Strachan was not informed of the government's intentions until a comparatively late date and that he can scarcely be said to have given a special, preliminary approval to the bills. It seems equally clear that, although he was full of suggestions and criticisms, he never at any point offered an uncompromising opposition to the measure. "To the division of the Endowment," he wrote to Cameron on July 5, "I gave a reluctant assent three years ago & the one you propose is perhaps as fair as we can well expect." "Perhaps as fair as we can well expect"—it is a strange comment from a man who is alleged to have become an irreconcilable opponent of the measure. Do not these letters come close to settling at least one part of the problem? Are we not driven to the unavoidable conclusion that Strachan did not make, and break, an agreement with the Conservative government in the summer of 1847?

What, then, becomes of the story which Sir John told Joseph Pope? What *has* become of the fatal letter which is supposed to have been sent to William Boulton? Did it ever really exist at all? It may be that the old Sir John, with an old man's fading memory, told in all innocence a completely garbled yarn to the attentive Pope. This is the simplest and, on the whole, the most probable explanation. And yet it seems oddly at variance with the whole character of Sir John's narrative. For his story

was not a vague and general one. It was, on the contrary, precise and detailed. And the Boulton letter, far from being an unimportant detail about which he might very well have subsequently grown hazy, was, in fact, the central, essential factor in the whole unfortunate train of events.

There is, however, another—a purely speculative—possibility. The letter may have been invented, not in error, but deliberately and of set purpose, by one or other of the interested parties. Sir John may have made it up, out of blank paper, simply as a convenient excuse for his first great legislative failure. The old man was certainly prolific in devices for evading (and perhaps concealing) unpleasant realities. But the deliberate manufacture of documentary evidence can hardly be regarded as one of his habitual accomplishments, even under immediate and pressing necessity; and in 1889 what conceivable utility can there have been in the fiction of the Boulton letter? It was forty-two years after the event. Strachan and Boulton and Sherwood were long in their graves. The whole episode was buried with them. And to stage an elaborate performance of simulated resentment over some irremediable failure of the past, was utterly out of Macdonald's character. He certainly held grudges: but he held them only for what he at least considered were good and sufficient reasons.

We are now in the realm of speculation. Perhaps one last conjecture may be hazarded. Possibly Sir John cannot be entirely exculpated, at least on the score of forgetfulness; but are any of his old colleagues in the Tory party and the Daly-Sherwood government open to the suspicion of much graver charges? There was a group in the party, led by the Toronto Tories, who were opposed both to a change in Conservative philosophy and to the disendowment of King's College; and there was one man in the cabinet, Henry Sherwood, an ambitious and obstreperous individualist, who, according to the testimony of his contemporaries at any rate, was fertile in the devices of obstruction and intrigue. At the final crisis, when the fate of the Macdonald bills hung in trembling uncertainty, may these men have decided to withdraw their lukewarm support and to justify this reversal by the fiction of the last-minute disapprobation of their bishop? They had already stopped one Tory university bill. They had already defeated Draper, the first architect of Liberal-Conservatism. Might they not, by a slight effort of their collective imagination, discredit his successor, Macdonald, as well?

LETTERS IN CANADA: 1947

Edited by J. R. MacGillivray

IN this the first issue of "Letters in Canada" since Professor A. S. P. Woodhouse retired from the editorship, his successor may be allowed a few lines merely to record the fact that an annual check-list and survey of Canadian letters to be published in the April issue of the QUARTERLY was Mr. Woodhouse's idea thirteen years ago, and the passage of time has shown that it was an excellent one. From the beginning the project has had both an immediate and a more remote purpose. It was hoped that the surveys would be of direct interest to our readers, and it was expected that the annual lists (and, to some extent, the surveys also) would be of considerable value to later students of Canadian culture. There is some reason to believe that both these ends are being achieved.

The general scheme of "Letters in Canada: 1947" is almost the same as in former years. Professor Brady's survey of scholarship in the social sciences has been printed separately (rather than as part of "Remaining Material"), and Section V has been sub-divided to mark off clearly some of its principal fields. It is a matter for regret that it has proved impossible to include all of "Letters in Canada" in the April issue: the surveys of French-Canadian and New-Canadian Letters are being held over for July.

Our thanks are again due to the publishers for their friendly co-operation, to the University Library for bibliographical assistance, and to Miss Francess Halpenny of the editorial staff of the University Press for preparing all the check-lists except those for drama and New-Canadian literature. I would also add my own gratitude to Professor C. T. Bissell for allowing himself to be persuaded to take over the survey of fiction.

PART I: ENGLISH-CANADIAN LETTERS

I. POETRY — E. K. BROWN

The death of Duncan Campbell Scott at eighty-five came in the last month of a year in which three of his books made their first appearance: a critique of the art of W. J. Phillips, a selection from the poems of Archibald Lampman, and *The Circle of Affection*, a miscellany of his own verse and prose. The new Lampman retains almost everything from the selection of a quarter-century ago entitled *Lyrics of Earth*, adds a considerable number of poems from *At the Long Sault* (1943), and restores a few pieces which have not been accessible since the Memorial Edition of 1900 ceased to be reprinted. The introduction is substantially a reprint of that to the Memorial Edition (there are a few corrections of fact), which is on the whole the best of the many tributes to Lampman's power that Scott wrote in the course of the forty-eight years by which he survived his friend.

The Ryerson Press has given the book a handsome format, and I hope that this edition may long remain in print as a means for making acquaintance with the most adequate of Canadian poets in the sense that he achieved perfection in the kinds of poetry he preferred. He wrote much outside those kinds, and I believe that he was moving to great achievement in a more dramatic kind. Whatever differences in opinion there may be concerning Lampman's poems in other kinds, only sectaries will question that his evocations of nature and his sonnets on ethical themes have the beauty of adequacy. Only a few pages in *The Circle of Affection* belong to this section of "Letters in Canada." A few poems from Scott's earlier years which had escaped his notice when he collected his verse in 1926 now appear in a volume for the first time; some of them have charm and power; but the chief interest in the poetic part of this miscellany lies in poems written since the publication of *The Green Cloister* in 1935. Among these the tribute to his second wife, Elise Aylen, on the twelfth anniversary of their marriage is pre-eminent. The intense emotion is expressed in the strict form of a short sequence of sonnets, and the high success is the more remarkable since the sonnet is a medium that Scott did not often essay, and one to which he did not feel much attraction. Another striking piece is "Amanda," a dream poem verging on nightmare, which carries one back to the title-piece of Scott's first collection, *The Magic House* (1893). To set them side by side is to see that whatever the years may have taken from his poetry they added more.

A learned quarterly is an inappropriate place to lament the failure of the Canadian public to value Scott's poetry—or his prose for that matter—as its quality deserved. It is not inappropriate to say here that the failure of the Canadian universities, and especially of their English departments, to see in Scott a poet whose work would reward the closest interpretation is an example of the immaturity of our culture. His death severs the last link with the greatest movement in our literature. It also ends one of the great careers and admirable lives in our history.

II

In the spring of 1945 it was intimated to Mr. E. J. Pratt that the facilities of the Royal Canadian Navy would be at his disposal if he should care "to spend some time at sea in order to gather material and atmosphere for a poem." Mr. Pratt went to the east coast the following summer, and spent some weeks at sea and in naval installations ashore. He read many files of records, and talked with a large number of naval personnel. When he had evaluated the role that the Canadian navy had played in the war, it seemed to him that the ideal subject for a representative narrative would be an incident which "would combine dramatic intensity with the eternal tedium of a convoy." Among alternatives the one that finally satisfied him was the voyage of S.C. 42 in the autumn of 1941, from Halifax to Londonderry by the northern route. The convoy consisted

of sixty-six merchant ships, travelling at eight knots, and meagrely protected by a single destroyer, the *Skeena*, and three corvettes. This convoy when it had reached northern waters was the first victim of an assault by a wolf-pack of U-boats, and lost sixteen ships in the course of two successive moonlit nights, the attack continuing at intervals during the intervening day. On the day following the second assault, five British destroyers met the convoy and put an end to its ordeal. In 1941 *asdic* was the most powerful scientific aid to the defence of merchant ships; but *asdic* ceased to be dependable when the assault was delivered not by one but by many submarines, penetrating the lines of the convoy, and offering simultaneous and confusing attack. Once convinced that here was his subject, Mr. Pratt obtained from the commanding officer of the *Skeena*, Captain James Hibbard, "the use of his log and the Report of Proceedings," and also "his personal narrative" of the convoy. This material—precious beyond all else for his purpose—was supplemented by conversations with others who had been in the company of the *Skeena* at the time of the convoy.

The narrative is called significantly *Behind the Log*. The emphasis is placed at once on Mr. Pratt's imaginative reworking of his material, on his perception of the human traits which lay behind official entries:

> Just here the log with its raw elements
> Enshrined a saga in a phrase of action.
> "The *Empire Hudson* listing badly, crew
> And officers were disembarked. Someone
> Reported—'Secret papers have not been
> Destroyed, mersigs, swept-channels, convoy route,
> And codes, the CODES!' And as there was a chance
> The steamer might not sink, *Kenogami*
> Was ordered to embark an officer,
> Return him to the listed deck to find
> And sink the weighted papers—*which was done.*"
> This stark undecorated phrase was just
> An interlinear item in the drama,
> Three words spelling a deed unadvertised,
> When ships announced their wounds by rockets, wrote
> Their own obituaries in flame that soared
> Two hundred feet and stabbed the Arctic night . . . .

This passage will also show that the familiar Pratt rhythms recur with undiminished power in *Behind the Log*.

The narrative is in three main blocks: the conference in port at which the merchant captains are briefed; the anxious week in which, unattacked, the convoy makes its slow way to the north; the attack. There follows a short but exceedingly fine concluding passage in which under the guard of the five British destroyers the convoy proceeds to port.

The conference is in the vein of the passage in *Dunkirk* describing the improvisation of the rescue fleet. Here (and in a few later passages concerning fledgling sailors) Mr. Pratt gives his exuberance its head. It is

certainly not his intention that the report of the conference should be a simple transcript of the real thing: rather it is the real thing in its essence, buoyant, with the Elizabethan heroic humour in which Mr. Pratt is always at home.

In the second block, the narrative of the anxious week preceding the attack, occur some of the most elaborate and startling of the images Mr. Pratt's scientific learning provides for his poetry, and some of his surest perceptions of the tensions of prolonged crisis.

The third block, the narrative of the attack, is the core of the poem, and it is here, properly, that Mr. Pratt draws on his greatest resources of style. It is no longer the style of *The Cachalot*, or *The Titanic*, nor is it closer to the style of *Brébeuf and His Brethren*. What is happening to his style is analogous with what happened to Yeats's: it is assuming a new austerity. There is loss in the transformation, loss that is inevitable, but should not be regretted, since in the new style an effect of peculiar intensity can be attained. There is also a loss that is not inevitable: when the new style becomes wholly flexible to Mr. Pratt's intentions, it will produce greater effect than it produces here, or will produce it more continuously. The danger incurred in the new style is the danger of prosaism; and there are some lines, not many but enough to be noticed, in which the manner lapses into the prosaic. But in the happier passages what a fine and new effect the style provides:

> It took three minutes for the merchantman
> To dock her pigiron on the ocean floor.
>
> Survivors from the *Stargard*
> Who would for life carry their facial grafts
> Told of the scramble from the boiler rooms
> Up canted ladders and the reeling catwalks,
> Only to find their exit was the sea.

The beautiful quiet close, with its music of names, now of a Scandinavian harshness, now with all the softness of Irish, and its rhythms like those of a sea with long gentle waves, is comparable with the close of *Brébeuf*. If it has a fault that is its brevity. Perhaps we require more time to pass securely into the final mood.

Ten Selected Poems by Mr. Pratt is for use in schools. Among the ten are *The Cachalot*, *The Titanic*, *Brébeuf and His Brethren*, and *Dunkirk*. There are seventeen pages of notes by an unknown hand; many are so illuminating as to convince the reader that the poet either wrote them or revised them. The preface, signed merely "The Publishers," is much less successful. This text-book is surely destined for a long life; and I urge the Macmillan Company to replace the inadequate preface by a statement from Mr. Pratt on the scope and intention of his poetry, or if he should prove unwilling to write one, from a critic of unquestioned competence.

I have called *Ten Selected Poems* a text-book: it will also provide at the modest price of a dollar and a quarter an excellent sampling of Mr. Pratt's work for the general Canadian reader.

III

Miss Dorothy Livesay's *Poems for People* is a collection somewhat less striking than her *Day and Night*. It has the same general qualities as the preceding book: the sharp perceptions of the surfaces of objects and persons, the easy mastery of varied forms, the powerful rhythms, and the urgency of thought on political and social issues. The language is somewhat less rich, the emotion somewhat less vehement. In a number of the poems there are tracts in which the form seems less inevitable, less appropriate to the idea. In a word some of the poems in the new collection fall short of that wholeness of impression in which Miss Livesay has so often been strong. But *Poems for People* is an important book.

On the jacket of *The Flowing Summer* Mr. Charles Bruce makes a perceptive comment on his poem: "*The Flowing Summer* sprouted as a story and was written first in prose. But I had been thinking of how narrative verse is so frequently concerned with the heroic, . . . [the suspension points are in the text] wondering whether certain aspects of the undramatic continuity in common living could live again in poetry. And almost before I knew it *The Flowing Summer* was being worked out in a simple verse form; a form in which if I were lucky the happy accident of poetry might occur." *The Flowing Summer* is a very quiet poem, the story of a summer spent by a young boy, Toronto-born and bred, on the Nova Scotian farm of his grandfather. The incidents are slight—the pulling in of nets full of herring, the cutting and stooking of grain, the ransacking of the attic for the toys and books of his father. All the personages have a pleasant equability and normality—everything that they do or say or feel is simple and intelligible at the quick reading the poem invites. Where then is the poetic element, the thing that is to justify the choice of verse as medium? It is in the poet's mood, in the angle of vision from which the simple persons and slight events are contemplated. The poet is unobtrusive; but he is everywhere. It is he who shapes our responses to all that occurs. The method is Wordsworth's: a situation is chosen from common life and treated within the vocabulary of ordinary men, and yet raised to poetry by the effort of the imagination, in Mr. Bruce's case a moral imagination, a sympathetic insight. As so often happens in Wordsworth's longer rural poems the effect is not uniformly happy; there are fine and moving passages, but there are also passages in which the thud of prose ruins the mood. But like everything that Mr. Bruce has published in verse *The Flowing Summer* has charm and is almost unscarred by fad or oddity. It reads well now—not superlatively, but

well; and it has a better chance than most poems written in this decade of being read in the long future.

At the opposite extreme from Mr. Bruce, often so near to the prosaic, is Mr. Tom MacInnes. *In the Old of My Age* is an interesting postscript to the *Complete Poems*, published twenty-five years ago, and now happily proved incomplete. The new volume, appearing after the poet's eightieth birthday, is not unnaturally less imaginative, and above all less fanciful than his earlier performance; reflection has grown more vigorous, and it is fascinating to see what were the ideas that underlay the sprightly but seldom superficial verse that charmed us long ago. Unfortunately the verbal texture has become thin and detracts from the poetic effect. But almost every piece is marked by Mr. MacInnes's peculiar manner, by an aesthetic identity rare in Canadian poetry.

To pass from a poet of the older generation to one of the middle, Mr. Arthur Bourinot's *Collected Poems* disclose a movement from the strict forms which were current when Mr. Bourinot began to publish to the freer media that characterize the most original verse of the past decade. Mr. Bourinot is an accomplished and sensitive craftsman, and his forms are seldom arbitrary. If they have altered it is because he has altered: he has received the impress of the time, and if he has lost something that he had when he wrote the admirable memorial sonnets to his mother, he has gained in sweep and force.

Mr. Raymond Souster, one of the youngest generation of poets as yet worth consideration, has published in *Go to Sleep, World* a collection very like his *When We are Young*, which came out last year, and from which only two poems are retained. The title of Miss Livesay's *Poems for People* suits his book better than it does the products of her subtler and more learned art. Nature, the city street, love, melancholy, a keen fear of the pressures of society upon the ordinary man, a vaguer somewhat desperate belief in the value of the individual in himself—these are the chief themes of the collection. It is obvious that they are themes that belong within the emotional life of the normal Canadian, of the normal person in this time. What Mr. Souster requires is confidence in a ruthless editorial adviser; until he finds and trusts such an adviser his verse will not have the impact it ought to have. I wish it would have that impact, for Mr. Souster is one of the extremely few poets in Canada who have an idiom that permits real communication with the average reader.

IV

Among the chap-books of the year Mr. A. M. Klein's *Seven Poems* is outstanding. All seven touch on aspects of the national life in extraordinarily illuminating fashion, and in a language which if less rich in texture than Mr. Klein once employed is firm and imaginative. The shortest of them, "Air Map," will give a notion of their force and illumination:

How private and comfortable it once was,
our white mansard beneath the continent's gables!
But now, evicted, and still there—
a wind blew off the roof?—
we see our fears and our featherbeds plumped white
on the world's crossroads.

Songs from Then and Now, by Mrs. Ruby Nichols, the 127th Ryerson Chap-Book, and one of the best in the series, is unhappily titled. It is a sequence of love poems in two contrasted moods, but the constant intensity of emotion is much more significant than the contrast. Despite occasional infelicities of diction and rhythm this little book is one of the most successful of the year. The emotion has found a medium through whose imagery and movement its force passes to the reader with almost complete adequacy. Emotion is as strong in Mrs. Doris Hedges' *Crisis*, and here there is unusual breadth of mood; but the language is rhetorical rather than finely poetical. The poems seem to have been set down in a rush, and the poet to have believed that the force of feeling would blind the reader to the frequent thinness of realization. The lyrics and sonnets in *As a River Runs*, by Mrs. Dorothy Howard, express a cultivated personality and without exception give pleasure. But the words and rhythms in which Mrs. Howard expresses her feelings are too often worn, and do not remain in the mind after the booklet has been laid aside. The largest of the Ryerson Chap-Books for 1947 is Miss M. Eugenie Perry's *Song in the Silence, and Other Poems*. "Song in the Silence" is a moving narrative: it turns upon the effect of deafness in a young girl's life and love, and the change brought about by a hearing-device. The language is somewhat too decorative for so austere a theme, but the grasp on character is firm. Most of the other poems are in one of Miss Perry's accustomed manners—ornate, reflective, accomplished. The chap-books from other presses are of a disappointing quality.

V

A Whip for Time, by Mrs. Elizabeth Harrison, is accomplished verse, and a pleasure by the deft arrangement of sound and image and the sure evolution of the emotion. If the texture is surely woven, the total effect is slight. This is Mrs. Harrison's first collection. I look forward to a second. *Sunday-Monday*, by Mr. Harry Amoss, is an expression in an idiom often gnarled and sometimes grotesque, of an original and impressive personality. The collection is startlingly uneven; and like Mr. Souster, Mr. Amoss would gain by trusting a ruthless editor. *Coffee and Bitters*, by Mr. Nathan Ralph, is a series of pictures expressed in language marred by a persistent and apparently deliberate thinness of texture. In *Always the Bubbles Break* Mrs. Irene Moody reveals the same qualities as in her much earlier *Lava*; intense but seldom successful effort is the dominant impression. The best of the poems in Mrs. Margaret Fulton Frame's

Phantom Caravan have grace and melody; but both the range of feeling and the idiom are so conventional that no lasting effect is produced. Arthur Tooth failed to return from a bombing mission in May, 1942. Fiction had been his chief literary concern, but like many a prose writer he occasionally preferred to express himself in verse. *Flight's End* is a memorial collection of his poems. A smaller volume would have been a wiser choice; but in the best of the pieces Mr. Tooth is sincere and vigorous and at home with words. Guy Victor Waterman served with an artillery unit and was killed in Holland in December, 1944. *Work Unfinished* reveals a more formed personality than *Flight's End*, and a sharper visual power. But like the other memorial volume it expresses the author in a medium over which his mastery was far from complete.

Dr. Vere Jameson's *The Sultan of Jobat*, privately printed, and accompanied by a vigorous preface on the delights of humorous verse, has poems of delightful hilarity. But in invoking Burns as his master, Dr. Jameson invites the question why he did not attempt the portrayal of the hypocrisies and pretences in our society with the devastating directness of Burns. A satiric poet of Burns's kind at work in Ontario today would be a greater boon than a great newspaper.

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES

Amoss (Harry), Sunday-Monday: selected poems (Toronto, Ryerson, viii, 56 pp., $2.00). **Bedell (Laura)**, Blue harbour (Bloomfield, Ont., the author, viii, 80 pp., $1.00 paper cover, $2.00 hard cover). **Bourinot (A. S.)**, Collected poems (Toronto, Ryerson, xii, 222 pp., $3.00); Lines from Deepwood (Toronto, Hugh Heaton Printing House, 1946, 8 pp., limited ed.). **Bruce (Charles)**, The flowing summer; ill. by Winifred Fox (Toronto, Ryerson, vi, 31 pp., $2.00). **Canadian Authors Association, Edmonton Branch**, Alberta poetry year book, 1947 (Edmonton, the Association, c/o Mrs. Robert O. Shaw, 117 MacLean Block, 48 pp.). **Dakin (Laurence)**, Marco Polo: a drama in four acts (Portland, Me., Falmouth Publishing House, 1946, vi, 54 pp., $2.00); The tower of life (Portland, Me., Falmouth Publishing House, 1946, n.p.). **Dean (L. M.)**, Drifted leaves (Aylmer, Ont., Express Publishing Co., 1946, 48 pp., 50c.). **Edwards (H. A.)**, Star shine and moonlight; with a foreword by Joan Buckley (Vancouver, the author, 20 pp., 50c.). **Frame (M. F.)**, Phantom caravan; selected and arranged by Charles Clay (Ottawa, Tower Books, 48 pp., $1.25). **Fraser (A. L.)**, Ruth and other poems (Carillon poetry chap-books; Toronto, Crucible Press, 1946, 22 pp., 50c.). **Fraser (D. A.)**, My nugget-poke: a selection of sonnets and other short poems (Victoria, the author; Diggon-Hibben, n.d., 108 pp., $2.00). **Garbutt (Elizabeth)**, Mt. Eisenhower and other poems (Calgary, Dominion Text Book Co., 1946, $1.25). **Gibson (J. E.)**, You'll hate me for this: a book of impromptu verse (Vancouver, Wrigley Printing Co. for the author, 1946, x, 92 pp.). **Gleave (T. B.)**, Enchanted by-ways (Toronto, the author, 12 Alhambra Ave., $1.00). **Harrison (Elizabeth)**, A whip for time (Toronto, Macmillan, xii, 28 pp., $1.50). **Hedges (Doris)**, Crisis (Ryerson poetry chap-books; Toronto, Ryerson, 16 pp., 75c.). **Howard (Dorothy)**, As the river runs (Ryerson poetry chap-books; Toronto, Ryerson, 8 pp., 50c.). **Jameson (Vere)** *pseud.*, The sultan of Jobat (privately printed, 50 pp.). **Klein (A. M.)**, Seven poems (Montreal, the author, c/o McGill University, 8 pp.). **Lampman (Archibald)**, Selected poems; chosen, and with a memoir by Duncan Campbell Scott (Toronto, Ryerson, xxviii, 176 pp., $3.00). **Livesay (Dorothy)**, Poems for people (Toronto, Ryerson, viii, 40 pp.,

$2.00). **McCall (O. W. S.)**, In such a night as this (New York, Harper; Toronto, Musson, x, 204 pp., $2.25). **MacInnes (Tom)**, In the old of my age: a new book of rhymes (Toronto, Ryerson, viii, 55 pp., $1.50). **McNaughton (H. P.)**, Shadow lights of Shamshuipo: a rhyming picture of the yesteryears (Winnipeg, the author, 200 Nassau St., 1945, vi, 74 pp., $1.00). **Middleton (Clara and J. E.)**, Green fields afar: memories of Alberta days (Toronto, Ryerson, vi, 61 pp., $1.50). **Milligan (J. L.)**, Siluria and other poems (Toronto, Ryerson for the author, 600 Bay St., vi, 24 pp., $1.00). **Moody (I. H.)**, Always the bubbles break (Toronto, Macmillan, viii, 39 pp., $1.50). **Nichols (Ruby)**, Songs from then and now (Ryerson poetry chap-books; Toronto, Ryerson, 7 pp., 50c.). **Nixon (J. E.)**, Selected poems (Toronto, Crucible Press, 1946, 46 pp., $1.00). **Perry (M. E.)**, Song in the silence, and other poems (Ryerson poetry chap-books; Toronto, Ryerson, 16 pp., 75c.). **Pratt (E. J.)**, Behind the log; drawings by GRANT MACDONALD (Toronto, Macmillan, xvi, 47 pp., $2.00); Ten selected poems, with notes (Toronto, Macmillan, xii, 149 pp., $1.25). **Ralph (Nathan)**, Coffee and bitters (Toronto, Macmillan, x, 37 pp., $1.50). **Saskatchewan Poetry Society**, The Saskatchewan poetry book, 1947-48 (Regina, the Society, c/o the Secr., Mrs. Dorothy Morrison, 2067 Rose St., 39 pp.). **Saturday Night**, Poems for the interim: a selection of twenty-four poems by nineteen Canadian authors published during 1945-46 in "Saturday Night" (Toronto, *Saturday Night*, 1946, 12 l, 50c.). **Souster (Raymond)**, Go to sleep, world: poems (Toronto, Ryerson, viii, 59 pp., $2.00). **Sutherland (John)** ed., Other Canadians: anthology of the new poetry in Canada 1940-1946 (Montreal, First Statement, 4432 St. Denis St., ii, 113 pp., $1.75). **Tooth (Arthur)**, Flight's end (New York, Exposition Press, 45 pp., $2.00). **Waterman (G. V.)**, Work unfinished (Ottawa, Tower Books, 34 pp.). **Zemke (P. H.)**, Private reflections; with cartoons by LEN NORRIS (Toronto, Classic Publishing Co., 1946, 44 pp., 25c.).

II. FICTION

CLAUDE T. BISSELL

Of the novels that appeared during 1947, five, it seems to me, are worthy of special consideration: two—*Who Has Seen the Wind* by W. O. Mitchell and *In Due Season* by Christine van der Mark—achieve a high degree of excellence; three—*Music at the Close* by Edward A. McCourt, *The Sealed Verdict* by Lionel Shapiro, and *Hetty Dorval* by Ethel Wilson—are pleasant departures from the mediocre.

Who Has Seen the Wind is, first of all, an unsentimental and convincing record of the development of a boy between the ages of four and eleven. Some of the incidents that mark his development are familiar ones that occur inevitably in any novel about childhood; such incidents are those that spring out of minor domestic crises or that reflect the painful adjustment to the routine of school. But Mr. Mitchell is not concerned primarily with the commonplace tragedies and comedies of childhood. His hero, Brian Sean MacMurray O'Connal, is in many respects a normal boy with a normal boy's passions and instincts, but he is also endowed with a bold and imaginative mind that does not long remain content with the surface of things. And Mr. Mitchell lays most stress on Brian's inner development, on how he gradually and painfully emerges from a highly personal world into the light of common day. The novel begins, for instance, with an

account of how Brian, with startling literalness, explores the concept of God. His later attempts to fathom the mystery of experience are of a less confident and grandiose character; still he has moments of fleeting vision when the chain of darkness that binds him is broken.

Although "the struggle of a boy to understand . . . the ultimate meaning of the cycle of life" is the theme that runs most steadily throughout the novel and is specifically singled out for emphasis in the author's preface, it may be that, for many readers, the strength of the novel lies elsewhere. Certainly there is a good deal more in this novel than what is encompassed by a statement of the central theme. For we are continually moving outside the limits of Brian's experience and entering fully into the adult life of the little Saskatchewan town in which Brian lives. Here we are introduced to a group of townsfolk and neighbouring farmers, who are at once sharply delineated individuals and representative types. At one extreme are the rebels and the eccentrics: Sean O'Connal, Brian's farmer uncle, warm-hearted and blasphemous, who, after experiencing a succession of dry years and lean crops, has become a fervent, but ineffectual, evangelist for new agricultural methods; "Saint Sammy," like Sean a victim of repeated crop failures, but, unlike Sean, incapable of coping with his bitter experience; and "the Ben," the town ne'er-do-well, who turns disgustedly from the dull and unremunerative routine of honest labour to operate a still and to tell boastful, Rabelaisian stories to his cronies in the beer parlour. At the other extreme are the solid citizens: Mr. Abercrombie, the bank manager, who, to his own satisfaction, ties up the economic problems of the West in a neat little parcel of sound business principles; Mr. Abercrombie's wife, dedicated to committees and intolerance; and the Reverend Mr. Powelly, the Presbyterian minister, Mrs. Abercrombie's ally in her fight against the forces of evil and disruption. Between these two extremes is a group of characters, who, quietly but effectively, make clear the author's sympathies and convictions: the Reverend John Hislop, sensitive and tolerant, who is puzzled and finally overcome by the petty criticisms of his flock; Milt Palmer, the philosophic shoemaker who transmutes metaphysics into the language of the street; and, most important, Mr. Digby, the public school principal, who by "his combination of selflessness and selfishness" is superbly equipped to teach and to understand children.

With such a diversity of material, it is obvious that Mr. Mitchell faced a difficult structural problem. It might be argued that he has made no serious attempt to organize his material, that he has simply contented himself with announcing a main theme at the beginning and then occasionally drawing our attention to it as the novel proceeds. Certainly the rather casual grouping of incidents and characters in the individual chapters and the loose, chronological, unplotted method of narration lends weight to this contention. But I think it may be shown that the novel has a genuine unity, albeit a unity that depends more on theme

than on a closely knit structure. There are really two questions involved. The first is: how does the author unify the material that lies outside Brian's consciousness? The answer here is that all the major incidents grow out of a clash between people who are guided by tolerance and compassion and those who are driven by bigotry and hate. The second and more important question is: how does the author link together the history of Brian's inner life and the alien, adult world? The answer here is that, although Brian cannot, of course, participate directly in the activities of this world, he can establish a sympathetic relationship with those of its members who understand the nature of his spiritual quest. In this way the main theme and what may, at first, seem like an unrelated, subsidiary theme are merged; for the leaders in the fight against squalid intolerance are also those to whom Brian can communicate his deepest experiences.

Who Has Seen the Wind is a novel, then, that has a satisfying theme imaginatively projected through characters that emerge solidly and powerfully into life. I should like, finally, to emphasize two qualities, all too rare in Canadian fiction, that by themselves would entitle this novel to high praise. In the first place, Mr. Mitchell writes a prose that never collapses into a tissue of worn-out phrases and that frequently achieves a restrained and moving eloquence. In the descriptive passages he does not rely on those obvious, sensational contrasts that have been crudely exploited in so many Canadian poems and novels; he has a keen, exploratory eye that seeks out and fastens upon the significant detail until it swells into a revealing symbol. And in the second place, he is a genuine humourist for whom eccentricity of speech and character is but a diverting surface beneath which lie the complexities of character.

Christine van der Mark's novel, *In Due Season*, deals also with the life of a western community during the lean, dry years of the twenties and thirties, although the scene speedily shifts from the prairies of southern Alberta to the new settlement areas of the north. Here the settler must painfully renew the harsh struggles of the early pioneers, but in this green and fertile land he can reasonably hope, at least, that nature will be his ally and not an implacable foe. At first, Miss van der Mark's emphasis is on the small rural community, but then, as her homesteaders become established, she turns her attention to the local centre, the town of Bear Claw, in which the patterns of a normal social life are beginning to appear. Like Mitchell, she attempts, by giving us a great variety of characters, to present a generous cross-section of the town life. Some of the same types occur in both novels: we have, for instance, in *In Due Season* as in *Who Has Seen the Wind*, the kindly, philosophic shoemaker who combines the roles of lay priest and professorial oracle.

It would be misleading, and unfair to Miss van der Mark's purpose and method, however, to assign a special importance to the social background of her novel. For Miss van der Mark, even more patently than Mr. Mitchell, is less interested in social problems than she is in the private life of the

individual. Indeed, it is one of her achievements in this novel that while utilizing a rich and exciting social background she resolutely fixes her gaze on the fortunes of the main characters. This is not a novel about a pioneer settlement: it is the tragedy of a courageous but erring woman.

When Lina Ashley, with her father and her little girl, Poppy, reaches the crude homestead a short distance from Bear Claw, she finds that her irresponsible husband has left her and that she must face alone the desperate problem of creating a farm out of land as yet uncleared. But Lina is equal to the task. Strong and capable, used to working in the fields, she has also a clear and resolute mind that easily dominates over the neighbouring settlers, mostly "breeds" and recent immigrants from Europe. Once she becomes firmly established on her farm, she reaches out greedily for more land, callously taking advantage of the average settler's ineptitude in business. Even her father for whom she has genuine affection is a victim of her single-minded pursuit of position and power. Although he is seriously ill, she leaves on a trip through bitterly cold weather to a distant town where she hopes to secure the legal right to a rich piece of land; she returns, her mission successfully completed, to find that her father has died. But the most tragic results of Lina's obsession work themselves out slowly and inevitably in Poppy. She is a lonely and fragile girl, who, robbed of the affection that she should have had from her mother, turns to others for sympathy and companionship. While her grandfather lives, she shelters under his protection. Then when her father rejoins the family briefly, she is strongly attracted by his warm and genial nature. After her father leaves again, she takes passionate and jealous possession of her young brother in an effort to find the close human relationship that has been repeatedly snatched from her. But it is Jay Baptiste, a handsome, sensitive half-breed lad, who most completely satisfies her emotional needs. A deep, instinctive friendship grows up between the girl and boy and becomes stronger and more compelling as childhood is left behind. Finally Lina realizes that this relationship between her daughter and a "dirty breed" is an ugly threat to her position in the community, and she carefully arranges to keep the two apart. For a while it looks as if Lina will triumph over her daughter as she has triumphed over her neighbours. But when, after the death of her father, Poppy is thrown back on herself, she breaks free from Lina's domination, and in the climactic scene of the novel goes away with her half-breed lover.

Two minor blemishes, it seems to me, mar the telling of the story. In the final chapters of the novel, Miss van der Mark introduces a series of episodes involving the criminal activities of a group of minor characters that receives a disproportionately heavy emphasis and is not clearly related to the central situation. And, again in the final chapters of the novel, there is an occasional and unfunctional emphasis on the mystery of Jay's parentage. But, these points aside, the narrative moves strongly

and unflinchingly to its conclusion. There is no villain and no melodrama, for passion and circumstance spin the plot. Even Lina, hard and ruthless as she is, repeatedly excites our respect, even our admiration. And the final resolution is accomplished, not by emphasizing the triumph of any one of the conflicting forces in the novel, but by accepting the bitter irony of fate. Lina's ingenuity and determination have brought her prosperity and eminence in the community; but just as she is about to win her final victory, she is suddenly exposed to the taunts and gibes of those who had hitherto given her grudging respect. Poppy escapes from the harsh restraints of her home and is united with her lover. But there is no romantic fulfilment. She goes into a life of obscurity, from which the shadow of social disapproval will never lift.

In Due Season, like *Who Has Seen the Wind*, deserves to be commended for the excellence of its prose. Miss van der Mark, one feels, has a clear perception of her powers and limitations. She confines herself to a precise, unadorned prose that can, nevertheless, communicate a strong emotion or etch a memorable scene. I would select two scenes in the novel where style and subject-matter achieve a happy union. The first scene is the auction at the Ashley's prairie farm, in which each detail contributes to the mounting sense of harshness, drabness, and colourlessness. The second scene is the revival meeting, the last refinement in the social life of Bear Claw, which is depicted as a rich, incongruous mixture of romance, religion, and burlesque. Miss van der Mark's prose is least successful when she is striving to give an unsparingly naturalistic impression of a depressing scene. In such scenes she falls back too often on a monotonously repetitive series of details.

Edward A. McCourt's *Music at the Close* is also a novel about the West, but, since it uses the familiar device of the fictionalized biography (which is usually, of course, part autobiography), it can move about much more boldly in both time and space than either of the two preceding novels. The hero, Neil Fraser, first appears as a young boy, who, after the death of his parents, has come from Ontario to live with his great-uncle on an Alberta farm. The novel follows his career year by year until he is fatally wounded in the D-Day assault. In this stretch of twenty-six years—the opening scenes take place in 1918 during the closing months of the First World War—Mr. McCourt has many opportunities, which he eagerly seizes, to extend the novel beyond the purely personal and to suggest broad patterns of social change. Indeed, the novel becomes at times a careful piece of social documentation: we have reports on the economic and social changes that take place in the small farming community after the war; reports on the market collapse in 1929 and the plight of the farmer and the labour unrest of the thirties; reports on the rise of the Social Credit movement and the artificial prosperity that came with the Second World War. Even some of the more personal experiences through which Neil

Fraser passes are described in such a way as to suggest more a piece of objective and judicious analysis than an imaginative recreation.

Although fictionalized biography usually follows a familiar, and often a trite, pattern, Mr. McCourt breaks free from the conventions of the type. Here is no sensitive, misunderstood hero throwing off the burden of an unsympathetic family and a narrow moral code to enter upon a new, emancipated life. True, Neil Fraser is conscious of "the setting sun and music at the close" as he lies dying on a field in Normandy, for his little life has been caught up momentarily in a great and thrilling crisis in the affairs of men. But the music is muted and faint; his triumph is the negative one of knowing that his death will rescue him from a life that seems doomed to frustration and bitterness. For in the years that lie behind him, Neil has seen the lovely dreams by which he has sustained his faith in the future turn, under the pressure of reality, into ugly and sordid nightmare.

Music at the Close is a less accomplished novel than either *Who Has Seen the Wind* or *In Due Season*. Its characters rarely take on a recognizable identity; its scenes never achieve the symbolic quality of great imaginative art. Still this is a serious and thoughtful novel written with honesty and directness.

Music at the Close, as well as several other novels of the year, briefly explores the rich dramatic material afforded by the Second World War. Although Mr. Lionel Shapiro's *The Sealed Verdict* is not, strictly speaking, a war novel, since the action takes place after the firing has ceased and during the early stages of the Allied occupation, still we have the feeling throughout that we are lying under the shadow of the actual conflict. All of the characters are either soldiers in one of the American armies of occupation or civilians whose lives have been deeply affected by some phase of the war, and the background throughout is the bombed German city of Reichsweiler, where only a few buildings survive amid a waste of dreary destruction. The problem that lies at the heart of the novel is one that has emerged with most terrifying insistence from the last war: what should be the relationship between the victor and the vanquished?

When the novel opens, Robert Lashley, an American major in the War Crimes section, has just concluded his case against seven German war criminals, of whom the most notorious is Otto Steigmann, at one time deputy town commandant at Paris. Although the prosecution is successful and Steigmann, along with five of his associates, is sentenced to hang, Lashley is vaguely disturbed by the case. For one thing, he is puzzled by Steigmann's only defence witness, a mysterious and attractive French girl, Thémis Delisle, who has testified that Steigmann during his tour of duty in Paris had been responsible for saving a Jew from execution. Lashley had easily confuted her evidence by establishing the fact that she and Steigmann were on familiar terms and then had left the court to draw the appropriate conclusion. Still Lashley feels that the court's

interpretation is not the true one; it is difficult to think that Steigmann has been her lover, for her attitude during the trial has been characterized by "disdain, a supreme obliviousness," and as Steigmann leaves the court she looks at him merely with "recognition touched with pity." Lashley's vague sense of disquietude about the outcome of the trial turns into active doubt when he begins to suspect the reliability of the evidence given by his own key witness, a Czech whose mind has broken down under the horrors of several years in a concentration camp. From this point on, Lashley, with great moral courage, sets himself against the army authorities and begins a personal re-examination of the case. To do this he must detain the French girl in Reichsweiler, even although she is wanted by the French authorities. The re-examination quickly loses its purely legal character when Lashley and Thémis fall in love. He becomes convinced that she is no ordinary collaborator but a woman who has acted out of pity and a deep sense of personal integrity. The mystery of her relationship with Steigmann is finally cleared up: she had been his mistress for a short time, but unwillingly, and only as a last desperate means of saving her lover, a young French Jew. What had aroused the patriotic forces in France against her was not so much her relationship with Steigmann as her loyalty to her Jewish lover. The novel reaches a happy conclusion: Lashley finally becomes convinced of Steigmann's guilt and grimly watches his execution; Thémis is released by the French authorities and rejoins her American lover.

The problem that Shapiro thus sets for himself in this novel is a bewilderingly complex one and can be approached in a variety of ways. My main criticism of Shapiro's approach is that, by placing Robert Lashley at the centre of the novel, he asks us to give our most sympathetic concern to an aspect of the problem that does not merit such emphasis. Lashley is constantly wavering between considerations of a technical legal nature and considerations that involve the problem of abstract justice, in this case, whether Steigmann was really guilty or innocent. The technical legal problem is never actually solved, and the reader at no time has any possible doubt as to Steigmann's guilt. The presentation of the problem is not strengthened by the unconvincing characterization of the hero: he is awkwardly portrayed as a compound of selfless impetuousness and stern, puritan integrity, a twentieth-century St. George who has exchanged his knightly armour for an officer's uniform and his charger for a jeep. Perhaps, however, the real "message" of the novel is to be found elsewhere, especially in the sub-plot, which provides a variation on the theme of crime and punishment. A youthful G.I. is shot by his German girl, half crazed by the fear of losing her lover just as their child is about to be born. The parents of the youth, simple, homespun folk from the Middle West, are flown to Reichsweiler, but arrive too late to see their son alive. The thoughts of the mother, and eventually of the father, turn not towards justice and retribution but to the necessity of

saving the life of the German girl who is about to bear their son's child. If this is a somewhat inconclusive presentation of the cleansing power of pity and compassion, we have the unambiguous words of an elderly German Jew, "Those who live in hate shall die of it"; and the dramatically more convincing speech of Thémis: "There is no peace and there is no honour. The weak have become strong, and the strong have become vengeful, and the vengeful have become greedy, and the greedy have become cruel. And there is no peace. The world has learned nothing."

I have given considerable space to an analysis of the problem in *The Sealed Verdict* because I feel that, in spite of its unsatisfying treatment in the book, it remains, nevertheless, a vital and disturbing one. *The Sealed Verdict* is, moreover, far from being a weak and ineffective novel. The narration is swift and skilful, with suspense adroitly maintained. With the exception of one early scene in which Shapiro is obviously more sensitive to the demands of an imagined reading public than to the demands of his theme, the love story is convincingly told. And when Shapiro writes about social conditions in Germany—about the black market, about the moral decay that attacks an occupying army, about the poisonous mixture of superior contempt and abject humility with which the German civilian regards his conquerors—he writes as an accomplished journalist who is able to translate his first-hand impressions into clear and vigorous prose.

Hetty Dorval is a short and, admittedly, a slight first novel, whose importance consists mainly in the evidence it gives of a talent that one hopes will be more boldly exploited in future work. To summarize the plot would be an injustice to Miss Wilson, for its trite and melodramatic character merely obscures her real powers. It will be sufficient to say that the plot grows out of the portrayal of a type of the beautiful, but amoral woman, whose callousness and insensitivity to human relations bring disaster to many who are dazzled by her superficial charms. Where the novel departs from the commonplace is in its firm and consistent establishment of a fresh point of view. The story of Hetty Dorval is told by Frankie Burnaby, as she recalls a series of incidents that stretched over the later years of childhood, adolescence, and the first years of womanhood. The narrative preserves a central point of view appropriate to an intelligent and perceptive adult, and, at the same time, manages by delicate shifts in the style to suggest a sympathetic identification with each stage of her development. This is a technical feat that can be accomplished only by an author who is sensitive both to the qualities of words and to the varieties of human experience.

Three novels—*Serpent's Tooth* by Isabelle Hughes, *Shreds of Circumstance* by Madge Macbeth, and *Of This Day's Journey* by Constance Beresford-Howe—may be considered together since they are all variants on the classic theme of love and marriage and are all concerned with characters who move in a sophisticated and urbanized modern society.

Isabelle Hughes' novel has the most immediate interest, if for no other reason than that the setting is Toronto, a city that certainly yields abundant material for the social satirist and that, in addition, challenges a novelist's powers of close and sympathetic interpretation. But Isabelle Hughes treats her Toronto background unimaginatively: she seeks to establish her locale by a free scattering of references to familiar districts and buildings, and rarely permits herself the revealing descriptive detail. She is more successful in her analysis of upper middle-class Toronto society, whose gods, she suggests, are money, position, and the paler proprieties. But her analysis does not go very deep. She is not really interested in the mores of polite Toronto society; her actual concern is with illustrating the familiar adage that autocratic and inflexible parents may profoundly disturb the course of true love. The background of Madge Macbeth's *Shreds of Circumstance* is not confined to any one city. Indeed, the reader may feel as he moves dizzily across a dozen international boundaries that he is reading a fictionalized Baedeker. His sense of bewilderment is further accentuated as he follows the romantic saga of the heroine, an irresistibly attractive young girl of mixed European parentage, who, in rapid succession, enslaves the hearts of a French artist, a Spanish bull fighter, the son of an English parson, a Canadian lawyer, and an American playboy. It must be said, however, that the author does give the reader a centre of reference by embedding in the narrative passages in which a character (usually the heroine's quiet, contemplative mother) reflects bitterly on the restlessness of modern life and the cruel laws of heredity. It is with relief, initially at least, that one turns from *Shreds of Circumstance*, with its pretentious cosmopolitanism, to Constance Beresford-Howe's *Of This Day's Journey*, whose setting is a small American college town. But the relief is of short duration. Miss Beresford-Howe has created an improbable college and has given it an equally improbable staff, headed by a president of dark Lincolnish charm, whose married life has been tragically unhappy. To the college comes a new lecturer, fresh from McGill and the Radcliffe graduate school. She is young and attractive, vibrant and passionately intense—and the rest follows inevitably. Miss Beresford-Howe has made an earnest attempt to restore her faded material by using an unorthodox narrative technique. The story is told in three parts, each of which is the personal narrative of one of the three protagonists. Unfortunately, each narrative concentrates on a different course of events and all have a remarkable similarity of tone, so that the effect of rich complexity at which the author was, no doubt, aiming is never achieved.

Each year in Canada sees the publication of a group of novels that can best be described as belonging to the didactic school of fiction. We have four such novels to consider in this survey. Two of these—*The Higher Loyalty* by Don Synge and *Open Windows* by Clara Bernhardt—are so obviously tracts in a thin fictional guise that it seems hardly appropriate to review them here. The other two—*Fresh Wind Blowing* by Grace

Campbell and *Deep Doorways* by Dorothy Dumbrille—have a more authentic claim on our attention. *Fresh Wind Blowing* deals primarily with the spiritual upheaval that the Second World War created in the lives of a group of young people. At the centre of the novel is Kari Andreson, the daughter of a Scandinavian father and an Irish mother, whose early years have been passed idyllically on the family ranch in the Qu'Appelle valley. During the first years of the war, Kari loses her twin brother who is shot down while flying with the R.C.A.F.; and later on her young English husband, an officer in the R.A.F., is reported missing and presumed lost. To some extent the tone of the novel is critical and even bitter. Kari is depressed by the contrast between the noble, self-sacrificing spirit of youth and the greed and the callousness of the society that youth is defending. But she eventually wins through to a conviction that this imperfect world is not without design and purpose and that suffering is but the prologue to a keener vision. Mrs. Campbell writes from deep experience and conviction, but the novel suffers from some disturbing defects: in her striving for an extreme simplicity and directness she uses a narrative style that is often ludicrously abrupt and a method of characterization that is insufficiently revealing; and in the final section of the novel she takes a reckless excursion into melodrama. *Deep Doorways* is also a novel about the problems of youth in the modern world. The "message" of the novel emerges with heavy obviousness from a cluster of love stories, most of which involve the members of an old United Empire Loyalist family who live in the ancestral house near Brockville. The strongest and most persistent emphasis is on the stabilizing and ennobling qualities of a deep tradition, especially if the tradition can be conveniently embodied in an old country homestead. On this basis, the novel builds up a vision of the good life—a life that draws its strength from the beauties of nature and the simple joys of the home, and is, preferably, rural and non-alcoholic. Dorothy Dumbrille's style is well adapted to her theme: the one is as flat and insensitive as the other is superficial and laboured.

Of the historical romances published during 1947, mention may be made first of Will R. Bird's *Judgment Glen*, which shared the Ryerson Fiction Award with Edward A. McCourt's *Music at the Close*. Although Mr. Bird has at his disposal a rich historical background—the year is 1780, and the place is a small Nova Scotian settlement—he is not writing an historical novel in the ordinary sense. We are reminded of the larger world outside the settlement only when sailors, fleeing from forced service in the British navy, seek shelter among the sympathetic colonists. Our interest is concentrated on the members of a Yorkshire family and on the revolution that takes place in the family life during the first year in Nova Scotia. But this is not an attempt to give us a faithful, realistic account of the trials that beset the early settlers. The characters in the novel are gripped by strange, twisted emotions and are caught up in a whirl of fantastic events. I did not find Mr. Bird's prose supple and suggestive enough,

however, to endow his world of dark romance with a compelling reality. By contrast, Ella Jacoby Walker's *Fortress North* is painstakingly historical in its method, even to the point of employing foot-notes, which, like most foot-notes, are more scholarly than illuminating. By a careful grouping of incidents and characters about historical events, Mrs. Walker traces the rise of Edmonton from the trading post of the eighteenth century to the modern city of today. At the same time she is not unmindful of the novelist's primary duty: some of her characters are merely figures in a historical pageant, but a good many, especially those in the later sections of the book, are living people. Much more conventional in method than either *Judgment Glen* or *Fortress North* is Maida Parlow French's *All This to Keep*, which is about United Empire Loyalist settlements along the St. Lawrence in the years between the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812. It is obvious that Mrs. French has studied carefully in one or two schools of historical fiction, unfortunately not always in the best schools. For here we have all the ingredients that, mixed together, produce a common type of the historical novel: considerable description of the quaint customs of the early settlers; some portentous talk of historical events, and the introduction of one or two historical characters; an improbable plot that includes a climactic scene in which a villain is soundly and righteously trounced; and the repeated insistence that a profound ethical truth permeates every paragraph of the novel. The last novel in this group, *The Road South* by Roderick Stuart Kennedy, is not, strictly speaking, an historical romance, since it reaches back only as far as the First World War. I include it here simply because its prevailing tone is that of "old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago." The two involved love stories to which Mr. Kennedy devotes most of his attention will not, I think, make any exciting impression on the mind of the reader. He is more likely to remember those sections of the novel in which the author recreates the atmosphere of the small English town in which a Canadian battalion is briefly billeted, or evokes the confused horrors of the great August offensive of 1917.

For the sake of completeness, two other books should be mentioned here: *The Flaming Hour*, the second novel of the year by Edward A. McCourt, in which he takes a brief and pleasant holiday among cowboys and cattle rustlers; and *Whither Thou Goest* by Atlanta S. Sollows which draws heavily on the worst features of both the romantic adventure school and the didactic school.

A consideration of the short-story collections published during the year may best begin with *A Book of Canadian Stories*, an anthology that contains a representative selection of short stories from the earliest stages of our literature down to the work of immediate contemporaries. Mr. Desmond Pacey, the editor, has supplied us with a useful introduction in which he traces the development of the short story in Canada and analyses the forces, both social and literary, that have conditioned writing in this genre.

For each author, Mr. Pacey has a brief introductory note in which he gives a biographical sketch and attempts to compress into a few sentences a general critical estimate. In deliberately limiting himself to one story by each of the authors represented he has set himself a difficult problem; for it is obvious that, by such a principle, artistic excellence must often be sacrificed for the sake of maintaining the representative historical nature of the collection. Mr. Pacey no doubt realizes this and, while he keeps a wary eye on the general reader, fixes his attention chiefly on the student of Canadian cultural development. Duncan Campbell Scott's last published volume, *The Circle of Affection*, contains two groups of short stories, one group made up of "later work . . . which had become inaccessible," and one group made up of "early stories . . . which had not previously appeared in book form." The later stories, at least one of which was written only two years before Scott's death, maintain unimpaired, often indeed enriched, the same highly individual excellence of the early work: a nice regard for proportion and emphasis, a restrained intensity, a disciplined blending of pathos and irony. In *The Wedding Gift & Other Stories*, Thomas H. Raddall gives us another volume in which he continues his fictional exploration of early Nova Scotia society. These stories make delightful reading. I know of no Canadian writer of fiction who can assimilate historical material more easily and gracefully. The remaining volumes to be noted are all based on factual or legendary material. *Tales of the Sea* contains a collection of Archibald MacMechan's stories about Nova Scotia mariners, selected by Mr. Raddall; the stories are all based on much careful research and are told with a charming simplicity and directness. Mr. Harwood Steele's *To Effect an Arrest* is a group of stories about the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, all of which, in some way, record actual events. Although the prose is heavily loaded with clichés, and the stories sometimes read like elaborate parodies on the sacred code of the service, Mr. Steele has, at times, a real feeling for atmosphere and can create and maintain suspense. In *Women without Money*, Gwenyth Barrington draws upon her journalistic experience to give us a series of sketches of women who have sought, in various ways, to maintain their economic independence. The sketches will be of more interst, I suspect, to the sociologist than to the student of Canadian fiction. *Thunder in the Mountains* by Hilda Mary Hooke and *Echoes from the North* by Willis N. Bugbee are collections of folk-stories and legendary material mainly derived from Indian and early French sources. The former is the more attractive volume: Miss Hooke tries "to retain the simplicity of the folk-lore language," whereas Mr. Bugbee adopts the more elaborate style commonly affected by those who write romantic adventure stories for popular magazines.

By past standards, this has been a fairly good year in Canadian fiction, since we have two novels of genuine distinction. But, on the whole, the pattern has been an oppressively familiar one: a few novels that show competence and even skill, and a considerable number of novels that fall

short even of mediocrity. It will be noted that all the best work has been done by hitherto unknown writers. The small number of Canadian novelists of established national reputation is represented only by Frederick Philip Grove, whose *Consider Their Ways* compresses much myrmecological information into a book that seems to be half a scientific romance and half a satirical voyage. Even if the book clearly belonged in this survey, it would not constitute a notable contribution to the fiction of the year; for it achieves distinction only in a few sombrely satirical passages, in which a serious writer distils his bitterness toward a society that, he feels, has not given him his due meed of praise.

If one may risk a generalization about trends in the fiction of the year, I would suggest that some of the better novelists show signs of understanding that the realistic method, no matter how carefully and painstakingly used, cannot give us all the dimensions of life. We have had a fair number of accurate reporters and observers; perhaps we shall soon have writers—Callaghan has already given some direction here—who, in addition, will be thinkers, and experts in the craft of fiction. But the signs of the new age are slight. One has but to compare Malcolm Lowry's *Under the Volcano*—the author's brief sojourn in British Columbia does not quite make him a Canadian writer—with any of the more successful novels discussed in this survey to see how relatively superficial most of our novelists are in their analyses of experience and how unsophisticated all of them are in matters of technique.

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES

Barrington (Gwenyth), Women without money: being certain data and otherwise, which is mostly on the subject of woman's private life with the dollar (Toronto, Longmans Green, x, 156 pp., $3.00). **Beresford-Howe (Constance)**, Of this day's journey (New York, Dodd Mead; Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, viii, 240 pp., $3.00). **Bernhardt (Clara)**, Open windows (Grand Rapids, Mich., Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Co.; Toronto, Evangelical Publishers, 167 pp., $1.50). **Bird (W. R.)**, Judgment glen (Toronto, Ryerson, vi, 315 pp., $3.00). ***Bugbee (W. N.)**, Echoes from the North: a collection of legends, yarns and sagas (Syracuse, N.Y., Willis N. Bugbee Co.; Toronto, Ryerson, vi, 168 pp., $2.25). **Campbell (Grace)**, Fresh wind blowing (Toronto, Collins, viii, 233 pp., $2.75). **Douthwaite (L. C.)**, Murder goes west (London, Eng., and Toronto, Nelson, 1946, 242 pp., $2.25); Warden of the wilds (London, Eng., and Toronto, Nelson, 207 pp., $2.25). **Dumbrille (Dorothy)**, Deep doorways: a story of life in Canada between two wars (Toronto, Thos. Allen, viii, 277 pp., $3.00). **Edelstein (Hyman)**, The higher loyalty (Ottawa, Tower Books, 1946, xii, 241 pp., $3.00). ***Freedman (Benedict** and **Nancy)**, Mrs. Mike: the story of Katherine Mary Flannigan; drawings by Ruth D. McCrea (New York, Coward McCann, 1946; Toronto, Longmans Green, 1947, viii, 312 pp., $3.00). **French (M. P.)**, All this to keep (Toronto, Collins, vi, 354 pp., $3.00). **Grove (F. P.)**, Consider her ways (Toronto, Macmillan, xxxiv, 298 pp., $2.75). **Hooke (H. M.)**, Thunder in the mountains: legends of Canada; ill. by Clare Bice (Toronto, Oxford, xii, 223 pp., $2.50). **Hughes (Isabelle)**, Serpent's tooth (Toronto, Collins, viii, 342 pp., $3.00). **Kennedy (R. S.)**, The road south (Toronto, Ambassador Books, xiv, 266 pp., $3.00). **Lowry (Malcolm)**, Under the volcano (New York, Reynal & Hitchcock; Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, vi, 377

pp., $3.00). **Macbeth (Madge)**, Shreds of circumstance (London, Eng., W. H. Allen; Toronto, Saunders, 365 pp., $2.75). **McCourt (E. A.)**, The flaming hour (Toronto, Ryerson, vi, 170 pp., $2.25); Music at the close (Toronto, Ryerson, vi, 228 pp., $2.75). **MacMechan (Archibald)**, Tales of the sea; foreword by THOMAS H. RADDALL (Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, xiv, 230 pp., $3.00). **Mark (Christine van der)**, In due season (Toronto, Oxford, iv, 363 pp., $2.50). **Mitchell (W. O.)**, Who has seen the wind (Toronto, Macmillan, x, 344 pp., $2.75). **Pacey (Desmond)** ed., A book of Canadian stories; with an introduction and notes (Toronto, Ryerson, xxxviii, 295 pp., $3.50). **Raddall (T. H.)**, The wedding gift & other stories (Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, x, 326, $3.00). **Roy (Gabrielle)**, The tin flute; translated from the French by HANNAH JOSEPHSON (New York, Reynal & Hitchcock; Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, 315 pp., $3.00). **Savard (Félix-Antoine)**, Boss of the river; translated by ALAN SULLIVAN (Toronto, Ryerson, x, 131 pp., $2.25). **Scott (D. C.)**, The circle of affection: and other pieces in prose and verse; drawings by THOREAU MACDONALD (Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, xvi, 237 pp., $3.50). **Shapiro (Lionel)**, The sealed verdict (New York and Toronto, Doubleday, viii, 278 pp., $3.00). **Sollows (A. S.)**, Whither thou goest (Toronto, Thos. Allen, viii, 211 pp., $2.50). **Steele (Harwood)**, To effect an arrest: adventures of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (Toronto, Ryerson, viii, 311 pp., $3.50). **Synge (Don)**, see EDELSTEIN (HYMAN). **Thompson (S. S.)**, Like a flower (London, Eng., Museum Press; Toronto, Nelson, 1946, 208 pp., $2.50). **Walker (E. J.)**, Fortress north; illustrated throughout by the author (Toronto, Thos. Allen, xii, 419 pp., $3.50). **Wilson (Ethel)**, Hetty Dorval (Toronto, Macmillan, viii, 116 pp., $1.75).

III. DRAMA

VINCENT TOVELL

The theatre in Canada continues to be almost entirely amateur, and there is, largely as a result of this fact, almost no Canadian stage drama for our attention. Canadian radio, however, is professional, and in the studios of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation many of our best playwrights, musicians, directors, and actors (those who have not yet gone abroad, despairing of a full life in the arts here) do important creative work which, although it is widely enjoyed, is not enough publicized. It is fitting then that in this survey we should draw attention to a representative selection of the best dramatic writing done for radio during the past year. Regrettably, this discussion is limited to the C.B.C.'s programmes Stage 47 and Stage 48, and to some of the original scripts broadcast within the calendar year 1947 on that series.

In this connection it should be said at the outset that the country is indebted to the producer-director of the "Stage" series, Andrew Allan. When he came back to Toronto from Vancouver in 1943 to become Supervisor of Drama for the C.B.C., Mr. Allan designed a half-hour programme for the performance of original Canadian radio plays which he inaugurated—as Stage 44—in January of 1944. He was determined to give professional artists in Canada the chances to experiment in drama which had been denied to them on commercial broadcasts and in the theatre. Before long, the national workshop which he founded (in Toronto) became

the apex of our theatre structure in Canada, the goal and best outlet for talent which would almost certainly have gone abroad had Mr. Allan not had the vision, the courage, and the ability to utilize it. In the autumn of 1946 the programme, which, with original half-hour scripts, had made its way with the public, was expanded to an hour's length, and adaptations were introduced into the repertory. This double policy is still maintained, though Mr. Allan continues to offer a predominance of new plays. By the end of 1947 he had produced 112 original Canadian scripts, and 29 adaptations. Although the Stage series is confined to English-language broadcasts, it has now become what is in fact our only approximation to a National Theatre in Canada, where the classics of ancient and modern literature are performed along with new plays. And that it has brought international honours to its personnel, to the C.B.C., and, of course, to its producer, is at once a just compliment to him, and an encouragement to those who share his faith in our native talent.

Canadian readers of this survey are probably familiar with this Sunday night series. No drama programme in Canada has so consistently interested serious listeners or caused so much discussion among them. Controversial scripts, outstanding performances by what must surely be the most skilled and versatile group of radio actors on the continent, varied and dramatically effective musical scores composed and conducted for each play by Lucio Agostini, and firm and meticulous direction by Andrew Allan, have very often made it stimulating radio theatre. On occasions the boldness of the scripts, and their originality, has been remarkable, and although broadcasts are for the ear, not the eye, and only recordings can adequately reproduce their total quality, it would be a contribution to Canadian letters if some of the scripts for this series were to be published as examples of achievement in Canadian drama. They would compare interestingly and favourably, I think, with other published radio plays; and such a volume would carry our playwrights to a larger audience.

Of the contributors to the Stage series, Joseph Schull, Lister Sinclair, and Len Peterson stand out as the most regular and the most significant. Each of these young men has had a wide experience in radio writing, and today they are recognized as being among the most skilled and respected craftsmen in this field. Our attention will centre principally on them. However, the check-list at the end of this article includes the names of all contributors to the series during 1947.

Five original scripts of Joseph Schull's were performed in 1947: "Kennedy's Quest," "The Bridge," "The Flower in the Rock," "The Legend of Ghost Lagoon," and "Shadow of the Tree." They show Mr. Schull in several moods. "Kennedy's Quest," the most trivial of them, is a tiresomely whimsical romance, and it seems unworthy of the author of "The Bridge." In "The Bridge" a large contemporary theme is handled vigorously, indeed violently. Mr. Schull describes the miserable predicament of a French mother whose small child by a German father is

a living testimony to her collaboration during the war. The villagers' implacable hatred of her and their unreasoning violence sharply point up the theme that we must build a bridge of understanding and forgiveness to the peace. As one of its engineers an English officer is introduced into the story, ostensibly to repair the village bridge (among his German labourers is the child's father, which complicates the plot nicely); the officer proposes marriage to the outcast woman, and so, in his earnest and sincere way, he begins to heal the wounds of war. "The Bridge" was written first as a full-length stage play, and in its condensed radio version it was overcrowded with tense and violent scenes which might fall more acceptably into sequence in the extended version. Yet, though it was supercharged, it had the power of intense convictions, and a moving eloquence which is characteristic of this writer when he is stirred.

"The Bridge" was all but blown down by melodramatic bluster; "The Flower in the Rock" was quite destroyed by it. This formula play, a not-too-interesting detective story, which is padded rather than deepened by an unilluminating symbolic motif and studded with over-written scenes, is thin in characterization and contrived in plot. A skilful and tricked-up production gave the listener a sense of portent and a suggestion of deeper significances to hold his interest, but nothing could conceal for long the emptiness of this melodrama. In "Shadow of the Tree" Mr. Schull again indulged in the sort of violent quarrelling which fascinates him, to no dramatic advantage. This time he climaxes a commonplace family conflict, developed out of contrasting moral dilemmas, with resounding speeches on the risks of life in the atomic age, and a rather limp but gallant resolution on the part of the principal characters to accept the odds of that life—the long, long odds. The play is highlighted with impassioned rhetoric which Mr. Schull wants us to feel is relevant to his dramatic situation but which, dramatically, he does not successfully integrate with it. His characters are romantically drawn and poor exponents of his ideas since they themselves are unconvincing in the first place. And yet, though the play as a whole is sentimental and strained, there are neatly written scenes in it, and it shows very clearly that Mr. Schull is developing a competence as a radio playmaker; he knows very well how to establish mood, and how to keep as much as is needed of a picture in the listener's imagination. While a number of his plays might be turned into stage plays, they are not stage plays adapted to the microphone, but, as a good radio play should be, plays to which the microphone has been imaginatively adapted. Recently, he has shown a pronounced gain in the mastery of this form.

With "The Legend of Ghost Lagoon" Mr. Schull made a mark distinctively his own on this series. The play is a sea ballad, told colourfully and vigorously. The verse, which sounds well when it is spoken, has power and a dramatic flourish that is admirable for his purposes. The narrative, mysterious and romantic, twists and turns into a very satisfying

design, and unless one objects to the highly keyed and frankly rhetorical manner of the play, which was performed with a rich background of music and sound effects, there is little in it to quarrel with. It is in what seems to me to be the author's best vein.

Lister Sinclair is well known in Canada as a radio commentator and lecturer, as well as for his radio and stage plays. Among his first plays for the Stage series were a group of satiric fantasies set up in a form, which he evolved for his purpose, of dramatically illustrated essay. They were important experiments in radio techniques, and instances of the exploratory spirit which was so admirable on those early programmes. They won Mr. Sinclair a large following, and a reputation as one of our most challenging critics. Two echoes of this former manner were heard during the past year. One, a farcical fantasy, "Skin Deep is Plenty," was feeble and to no one's advantage. The other was stronger. It was the "light-hearted libel" "We All Hate Toronto," which Andrew Allan revived for Stage 47 by popular request (we were told) after its première on another series. In this refreshingly direct script the author kicks freely at several of Toronto's sacred cattle, and so, inevitably, it had its admirers and detractors. But, though the play is at times very funny indeed, it is not actually, I think, a good example of Mr. Sinclair's dramatic talent, nor, I should think, a good indication of his future direction as a playwright.

In "Socrates," which has been done twice on the series, a noble story is told effectively. The radio version of this tragedy (there is a full-length stage version which has not yet been performed or published) shows us Socrates the simple inquirer brought into captivity and subsequently put to death. The tragedy here is of the homelessness of genius. Mr. Sinclair suggests the spiritual and intellectual majesty of his protagonist in this play far more successfully on the whole than he did in his early biographical sketches of Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart, and he succeeds in building up a good deal of sympathy for him (very wisely, he has leaned heavily on Plato for the closing scene, and indeed throughout); but although "Socrates" was a moving broadcast, it lacked the full dramatic power inherent in the story because we were only given what are in effect a prologue and an epilogue to it. We were not shown the real drama, the trial scenes, with Socrates face to face with his enemies and forced to deal with their charges. This crucial part of the tragedy is neatly, but unsatisfactorily glossed over, and only a summary speech by Socrates replaces it. In the stage version, Mr. Sinclair's ability to transform the Socratic legend into reality before us will be tested in that pivotal scene. He gives indications that he has that ability.

Though parts of "Socrates" are in verse, it is not a more impressive play for that. Mr. Sinclair's poetic skill is much more apparent in "Encounter by Moonlight," a tragedy based on the Golden Bough legend as Sir James Frazer told it. I know of no Canadian radio play which has occasioned so much critical discussion as this one. It has been written

and talked about, in the press and on the air, reprinted in part in the *Canadian Poetry Magazine*, and twice produced by Mr. Allan. It has been widely admired; yet, though it is clearly one of the most interesting scripts to have been done on the series, and one of the author's best, "Encounter by Moonlight" seemed to me to be contrived and artificial, an academic piece. It is rather too obviously an exercise in the techniques of Maeterlinck and De La Mare. I found its manner—regrettably—more interesting than its matter. Several atmospheric descriptions and portentous silences in it very effectively create dark moods and suspense, and the poet builds up undefined tensions which one senses though often one does not understand their significance, but the full tragic import of the legend is not developed and the characters are never more than shadowy outlines; whatever implications the mortal conflict of the two brothers in the sacred grove at Nemi might have are annoyingly obscured throughout by the romantic mist which hangs over all. Mr. Sinclair sums up the issue of fate and free will (which he brings to the audience's attention too late in the play) with the line "freely he died who lived a slave," but because this point is not given full significance the play's theme is in the end still unclear; and because the conflicts are undeveloped, for the most part it is a narrative poem rather than a tragic drama. The text is enriched, however, with choric interludes (spoken by two men, chorus and antiphon) which set the tone and vary the subtle moods, and also carry the comments of the poet. In these passages, several of which are strikingly vivid, the best writing is found. They are, on the whole, far superior to the dialogue which, though it is occasionally terse and dramatic, is often commonplace, and in the closing tragic scene, where a climax of genuinely poetic expression is needed, hopelessly banal.

Mr. Sinclair has shown in this, and in nearly all his plays, that he has talent and a technique for interesting and diverting his listeners; he can easily carry an audience along with him. His writing is rarely dull, and often clever. But so far, it has not shown him to be much more than an entertainer, for a good deal of it has been thin and anecdotal, which, in view of his obvious intellectual and artistic gifts, seems to be a betrayal of his promises. It is disappointing that so talented a writer should be content to deal as superficially as he tends to with serious subjects. He displays a predilection for and a dangerous facility with trivial effects, gags, and trickery, and he pays too little attention to the disciplined development of his themes and conflicts, and to the drawing of credible, rounded characters. I hope that the preoccupation with technical effects which is all too apparent in "Encounter by Moonlight" will in the future give way to the preoccupation with subject-matter and characterization, and with serious writing, which makes "Socrates" the most important and mature play he has written so far.

It is impossible to do justice to Len Peterson's writing in this year's survey because he turned in only one original play for the Stage series

during the year; his time was spent preparing two series of his own for the C.B.C. The first of these, "Men at Work," was a set of portraits and sketches of Canadians at work in various trades and vocations. Together, the scripts make up a valuable folio depicting our contemporary scene with fine understanding, and despite the limitations of the medium which has sometimes rather obviously confined him, he has written the most vivid and realistic sketches of Canada I have heard on the air. On his second series, "In Search of Ourselves," Mr. Peterson presented a group of case histories which were the basis for an analytical discussion by Dr. J. D. M. Griffin, on a programme presented by the C.B.C. in co-operation with the National Committee for Mental Hygiene (Canada). Mr. Peterson's part of the broadcast was diagrammatic rather than dramatic and so it does not represent him fairly as a playwright; but the psychological insight which has been evident in all his scripts was shown here to be more than academic; he has the larger understanding necessary to the artist, and a freedom from dogma, jargon, and clichés of thought and interpretation which is all too rare in contemporary writing.

"Cervantes of the Woeful Figure," which Mr. Allan produced on Stage 48, was not as provocative radio drama as Mr. Peterson's celebrated earlier plays "They are All Afraid," "Maybe in a Thousand Years," "Burlap Bags," or "White Collar," but it is the work of a more mature writer and subtler artist. This understanding portrait of Cervantes, struggling to overcome poverty and his own inadequacies, and attempting to find himself as a writer, is touching, humorous, and hearty. The script was ingeniously constructed to show in an hour the development of the young man into the old and successful one, and, unlike most radio biographies, this one did not seem to me to be disjointed, sketchy, and episodic, for the continuity of the developing and unfolding of the personality gave it unity. This was not Mr. Peterson's most popular play with many listeners; it was thought difficult to listen to by some, and undramatic by many. Possibly this is because it was not melodramatic, and because its points were not reiterated three times according to the advertisers' formula. It is true, however, that the author seemed cramped within the limits of the microphone's field, and that some of his overtones were lost in transmission; and one was aware too that the shadings of this portrait were too fine for the actors who are strictly limited in rehearsals by studio routine.

For some months it has been evident that Mr. Peterson needs to use a richer medium than radio drama to say what he has the ability to say. He is now a master of the one-dimensional form, and should write for the theatre and for the films, where he would have scope to develop further. He promises to be a serious dramatist, for he has a strong sense of dramatic conflict, he draws convincing characters, and his dialogue is usually effective. It will be interesting to see too what capabilities he will have as a novelist. If in the future he shows that he can be as subtle in his ex-

pression as he is already in his understanding of character, he will undoubtedly make important contributions to our literature.

Two infrequent contributors to the Stage series should also be mentioned here, Tommy Tweed and Marian Waldman. Mr. Tweed has turned in many amusing and clever scripts to several C.B.C. departments, as well as an occasional piece for this series. His satiric fantasy on the Scot in Canada entitled "The Insidious Alien" (or "How to tell your friends from the Haggis") is one of the most delightful comedies he has done. Like almost all of his scripts it is replete with gags and surprises of the kind one has come to expect of him, and which he devises with remarkable fertility. In this manner, now recognizably his own, he is inimitable. Miss Waldman, who, like Mr. Tweed, is a versatile actor, is a young playwright of special promise. Her moving play "This Man was My Father," a tragedy of a divided home, was the basis for one of the memorable broadcasts of the year. Few plays on this series have depicted a human conflict so vividly and so simply. She should be encouraged by this success to contribute frequently.

Taken together, the original plays given on the Stage series in 1947 are less experimental and much less provocative than those written during the previous years of the programme's history. The standard of performance by the director, the actors, and the musicians has undoubtedly improved and has indeed reached an outstanding peak of excellence by now; some of the playwrights have gained a technical facility which they hadn't before. But this programme, which was once excitingly original and challenging to the ordinary standards of broadcasting, and which brought drama of Canadian life to listeners as it had never been broadcast before, has become on the whole more conventional and routine than it used to be. The causes for this decline in intensity—and from the point of view of Canadian drama it is an unfortunate decline—are difficult to define. Perhaps self-consciousness and professional timidity are involved. Perhaps, on the other hand, a historical process is working here, and nothing can be done to sustain this short-lived but genuine creative movement. For whatever reasons, the spirit is altering certainly; the impulse to innovate appears to be dying away.

The disheartening significance of the change is that it reflects a lessening of enthusiasm for and faith in the future of Canadian radio, which is a part of the larger and widespread despair for the development of the theatre in Canada which is felt by many people in the theatre here. Because there are such limited possibilities for them in Canada at present, and because so many of our post-war plans for professional Canadian theatre have failed to materialize (though one or two ventures give us some cause to hope) a few of the most talented of the Stage series' personnel have already left the country, and nearly all of those who are still here are under pressure from many sides to move on or into other fields. The trend is still very unfavourable for our future. And this is the familiar

tragic and disgraceful pattern of disappointment and departure which has for so long cramped and frustrated all those who attempt to establish a tradition of drama and theatre in Canada.

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES (plays given on Stages 47 and 48 during 1947)

Allan (Andrew), A midsummer night's dream (adapt.); The snow queen (adapt.); Trelawny of the Wells (adapt.). **Braden (Bernard)** and **Patton (Stanley)**, Happy holiday (orig.). **Bethune (John)**, Madam Bovary (adapt.); Vanity Fair (adapt.). **Greer (Robert** and **Rita)**, The white deer (adapt.). **Hambleton (Ronald)**, Sweeney Todd (adapt.); Three daughters of M. Dupont (adapt.). **Kemp (Hugh)**, A song for Joey (orig.); Two solitudes (adapt.); The young Stewart (orig.). **King (Alan)**, Bardell against Pickwick (adapt.). **Markle (Fletcher)**, Carmen (adapt.); Treasure Island (adapt.). **Noxon (Gerald)**, The fight that leads to love (orig.). **Peterson (Len)**, Cervantes of the woeful figure (orig.); Maria Chapdelaine (adapt.). **Rittenhouse (Charles)**, The thirty-nine steps (adapt.). **Schull (Joseph)**, The bridge (orig.); Cyrano de Bergerac (adapt.); The flower in the rock (orig.); Kennedy's quest (orig.); The legend of Ghost Lagoon (orig.); Shadow of the tree (orig.). **Sinclair (L. S.)**, Antigone (adapt.); Dr. Faustus (adapt.); Encounter by moonlight (orig.); Justice (adapt.); A kiss for Cinderella (adapt.); Skin deep is plenty (orig.); Socrates (orig.); We all hate Toronto (orig.). **Stewart (Athol** and **Virginia)**, John Lander lived in a rickety house (orig.). **Teitel (Irvin)**, A crime of fashion (orig.). **Tweed (Tommy)**, The insidious alien (orig.). **Waldman (Marian)**, Huckleberry Finn (adapt.); This man was my father (orig.).

IV. SCHOLARSHIP IN THE SOCIAL SCIENCES* — A. BRADY

In 1947, as in most other years, works on history and biography, especially biography, in number and quality assume pride of place among the social studies published in Canada. In this category *Egerton Ryerson: His Life and Letters*, volume II, by Professor C. B. Sissons is the outstanding book, completing labours begun more than twenty years ago, and providing for students of the period a rich mine of information. The first volume of this valuable project (published in 1937) dealt with Ryerson and the history of his time to 1841. The present volume takes up the story at this date and carries it forward to the end of Ryerson's life, covering in detail his great achievement in establishing the educational system of Ontario. In the life of Ryerson the dominant issues were those of church, education, and politics. Over these he fought his notable battles and waged his ceaseless campaigns, and, as the evidence in this book amply illustrates, Ryerson as a fighter was not characterized by mildness and forbearance, nor at times even by Christian charity. Professor Sissons remarks that he "seldom turned to the Beatitudes for a text; and it is greatly to be doubted if he ever selected the ninth." The evangelical temper had many facets, and persons concerned to study its variety will

*The author wishes to acknowledge some kind assistance rendered by his colleague, Professor S. D. Clark.

find in this volume invaluable matter. Issues which a hundred years ago aroused violent feelings now seem petty enough, but to the men of the time they were all-important. In the abundant details of Professor Sissons' broad canvas we can learn why they were important; in his numerous quotations from sources, especially letters, and in his marshalling of facts he gives us a clear and vivid sense of the controversies, the complexities, the passions, and the struggles of the era.

Specialists in the period are not all likely to accept Professor Sissons' generous interpretation of Ryerson's character and behaviour. Professor Underhill for one has expressed doubt that Ryerson was as free from partisanship as Professor Sissons suggests. He is disposed to think that this zealous crusader "gave to his Victoria-College-Methodism the same partisan devotion that other men ordinarily give to a political party. He was as much a partisan as George Brown, and his partisanship led him to similar excesses of word and action and to the same un-Christian attitude toward opponents." (*Canadian Forum*, January, 1948.) Here we need not attempt to assess the point other than to emphasize that Professor Sissons is primarily concerned to present the pertinent evidence concerning the stand taken by Ryerson on major questions. He does not exclude letters that exhibit him in less than favourable light. He quotes many that reveal failings as well as virtues. He is content that the reader should judge. In some cases, doubtless, the reader will be unable to judge in a final way without more evidence than is present here, but we must not blame the author, since no work on significant individuals is ever definitive; it cannot embrace the totality of pertinent facts.

In *Adam Beck and the Ontario Hydro*, Mr. W. R. Plewman, a distinguished Toronto journalist, treats another public man of Ontario and a later phase of the provincial history. As Professor Sissons described Ryerson as "the most representative figure in Canadian Methodism," so Mr. Plewman describes his subject as "Canada's greatest public servant." This much too neat generalization may or may not be true, but that Adam Beck was a remarkable combination of administrator and politician is not open to question. Here in almost 500 pages we have the facts of his life from school days in western Ontario to his death as Chairman of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission, which, more than any other single individual, he had helped to establish twenty years before. Mr. Plewman makes no attempt to hide defects in Beck's character. He admits his arbitrary actions, his brutal insensitiveness to the feelings of others, and the ruthless pursuit of his policies sometimes in contradiction to the advice of sage men. But he recognizes that out of Beck's energy and foresight came striking achievements, not least being the development of a great public enterprise which utilized the engineer and the technician and from which the crude forms of partisan spoils, so common in the period, were virtually excluded. By placing his hydro policy above the narrower claims of party and by skilful manipulation of public opinion,

Beck won support from members of all parties, and hence, although a life-long official Conservative, he was invited by the United Farmers of Ontario in 1919 to lead their government. Beck in truth was a rare case in Canadian politics: a man whose exceptional public influence dwelt in his exaltation of policy before party.

In his *Jacob Mountain, First Lord Bishop of Quebec*, Dr. Thomas R. Millman has attempted to describe the life of an early Canadian ecclesiastic and to trace the administration of Anglican affairs in the period 1793-1825. The study grew out of a doctoral thesis, and exhibits the limitations of its origin. Dr. Millman has gone through many original sources, but in handling the theme shows little imagination. Facts are here in luxuriant detail, yet no very clear picture emerges of Bishop Mountain as a personality. The sub-title, "A Study in Church and State," is more suggestive of what might have been attempted than an accurate description of what was accomplished. Little is said about the general religious scene in colonial Canada; no mention, for example, is made of the energetic Methodists who were to lead in the assault upon a church establishment. However, as a source of information on the narrower aspects of the early Anglican Church and its clergy the book is useful.

In *A Man Austere: William Bell, Parson and Pioneer*, Mrs. Isabel Skelton adds one more volume to the rich store of writing on the early development of Upper Canada. She has relied heavily upon the journal kept by William Bell, now in the library of Queen's University, from which she relates the story of that Presbyterian minister's efforts to introduce religious services in the new settlement of Perth, and in general she throws much light upon early pioneer conditions in a backwoods settlement. The author chose to break from the chronological arrangement of the journal in pursuing various themes of her story. The student of Canadian social history will here find much of interest. Of somewhat similar interest is *Catholic Pioneers in Upper Canada* by Reverend Brother Alfred, a compact and readable narrative on the careers of ten prominent Roman Catholics in the history of Upper Canada. It is based on zealous research, and throws light on certain phases of Ontario's history in the first four decades of the last century.

Valuable as an addition to the social history of the northern frontier is *The Letters of Letitia Hargrave*, a publication of the Champlain Society, edited with a lengthy and competent introduction by Margaret Arnett MacLeod. Letitia Hargrave and her husband lived at York Factory from 1840 to 1851, and she presents in her letters shrewd observations, not without humour, on the domestic and social customs of that fur-trade depot. No other volume perhaps illustrates so well the harsh circumstances to be endured by a woman on that lonely frontier, especially a woman with genteel prejudices, like Letitia Hargrave.

On general history the leading volume of the year is *Canada: A Political and Social History* by Professor Edgar McInnis. This survey of develop-

ment from the voyages of John Cabot to the struggles of Canadians in the Second World War, is written with that skill in arrangement and lucidity in expression which have characterized Professor McInnis's previous books. It is designed for the general reader, not the specialist, and to the general reader and college student its attractive illustrations, smooth prose, and cool judgment will certainly appeal. It does not in itself represent original research in documents, but like other recent surveys effectively utilizes the considerable monographic writing on Canada which has accumulated apace during the past twenty-five years. Its emphasis is on political development, conditioned by the facts of economics, geography, and world environment. In particular it offers a very careful attempt to assess the relative proportions in Canadian growth and achievement of French, British, and American elements.

The kind of monographs which render possible such general history as that of Professor McInnis is illustrated in a number of volumes published in 1947. Of notable interest is the *History of Agriculture in Ontario, 1613-1880* by Robert Leslie Jones, a Canadian by birth who teaches history in Marietta College, Ohio. This work, a product of painstaking research, is abundantly documented, contains much significant information, and traces more fully than any previous study the evolution of agrarian arts from those practised by the Hurons in the days of Champlain to those prevalent in Ontario in the final quarter of the nineteenth century. Written in clear and simple prose, with numerous happy quotations from writers in the past, it is altogether a fascinating monograph, welcome no less to a general reader than to a specialist. It contains an excellent bibliography of some thirty pages.

Another informative study, but much less comprehensive, is *The Rise of Toronto, 1850-1890*, by D. C. Masters. This book, obviously influenced by the work and conceptions of Professor N. S. B. Gras of Harvard, is an attempt to trace the rise of Toronto as a metropolis, that is, a centre of power and control over an extensive area in terms of economics, politics and culture. Dr. Masters has chosen the period 1850 to 1890 because within it he finds Toronto step by step achieving its triumph as a metropolitan centre over rival cities in Ontario, a triumph that was clear-cut by 1890. We get the impression that the author intends to carry on his study to embrace the period from 1890 to the present, in which endeavour we can encourage him. There are far too few competent regional studies, and Toronto as one of the two largest Canadian cities provides an excellent subject. The present book, written along chronological lines, has much interesting information on the rise of business in Toronto, the relations of the religious groups to business, the racial compositions of the population at various stages, and the social basis of the Toryism which came to characterize the city. But some of these themes are much too sketchily examined. One is left with a craving for more significant information, and a volume of 239 pages might properly have been expanded to at least

300. One may also doubt whether the chronological pattern is the most suitable for this type of book.

A valuable monograph on cultural history is provided in *The Development of the Theory and Practice of Education in New Brunswick, 1784-1910*, by Katherine F. C. MacNaughton, edited by Professor Alfred Bailey. This is the first attempt to give a detailed history of educational development in the province and to relate such history to the social and political background as well as to the educational movements in Britain, Europe, the United States, and other parts of North America.

Symptomatic of the quickened interest of Canada during the last decade in external affairs and the issues of international order are *World Security by Conference* by Walter A. Riddell, and *The British Commonwealth and International Security... 1919-1939*, by Gwendolen Carter. Dr. Walter Riddell had a long and significant career in Canadian public service. He was Chief of Section, International Labour Office, 1920-5; he acted as a member of the Canadian delegation to the Assembly of the League, 1925-37; and afterwards he served Canada as counsellor at the Washington Legation and later as High Commissioner for Canada in New Zealand. Now as Professor of International Relations in the University of Toronto, he seeks to present reflections on the achievement of international peace. He is concerned in *World Security by Conference* not with international organization but with negotiation, believing that in the contemporary world of sovereign states peace can be secured only through negotiation. The book throughout has a strong personal note. Of special interest are Dr. Riddell's account of the famous proposal of "oil sanctions" against Italy and his many observations on the work of the League and the role of the British Commonwealth in its deliberations. He illustrates that at Geneva the members of the British Commonwealth achieved no greater unity than the members of some other groups, such as the Latin American bloc, but that Commonwealth consultation was nevertheless valuable, not merely in furthering the interest of its members, but also in advancing collaboration among nations in general. It brought together like-minded delegates, furnished them with information that made them more effective as participants in international gatherings, and contributed to that synthesis of policy on which an international society must be built.

More academic in character than Dr. Riddell's work but complementary in many respects is *The British Commonwealth and International Security: The Role of the Dominions, 1919-1939*, by Gwendolen Carter. This is a comprehensive and careful study, the result of many years of thorough research. It offers an excellent treatment of its specific theme, and throws much light upon the whole venture of the League of Nations and the substance of international frictions between the wars, illustrating still further some of the important points treated by Dr. Riddell. Not merely the play of policies, but the reactions of public opinion are here assessed with insight.

Two studies in political science appeared in the year. Four years ago Professor H. McD. Clokie of Manitoba published his *Canadian Government and Politics* and in the present year Dr. R. MacG. Dawson presents in *The Government of Canada* an authoritative text, much larger than Professor Clokie's, somewhat differently organized, and written with distinguished clarity and verve. This volume is primarily concerned with the structural forms of government and the manner in which they work. In seven sections it deals with constitutional development, the constitution, the executive, the administration, the legislature, the judiciary, and political parties. Dr. Dawson's book is a comprehensive, discerning, and lucid interpretation of law and practice. He does not steer away from criticism of weak features in the Canadian system. Concerning the Senate he remarks that "there are certainly the gravest doubts whether it is worth the three-quarters of a million which is annually spent upon it unless it is looked upon simply as a pension scheme for retired commoners." The varied forces in the community which constitute the dynamics of politics, determine public opinion, and shape the working of the parliamentary system are brought within the rubric mentioned instead of being examined in separate sections or chapters. This arrangement may be open to the objection that it insufficiently emphasizes the characteristic forces within the Canadian state: the dual nationalism, the regional cleavages, the sectarian divisions, and the special economic interests, such as the agrarian. But it would be churlish to complain of shortcomings in a stout volume of more than six hundred pages which does so well what it was designed to do. It need scarcely be added that this book will be a boon to students of government in the colleges of Canada.

A second volume concerned with government, *Democracy in the Dominions*, is by the author of this survey, and he can hardly be expected to review his own work. But it may not be inappropriate for him to indicate at least its purpose and its contents. *Democracy in the Dominions* is intended to be a comparative study in brief compass of political institutions in the four overseas Dominions, under the shaping influences of environment, and history. It is concerned with that successful transplanting of British parliamentary institutions and ideas to a different physical and human environment, a transplanting which has of course resulted in many deviations for good or ill from the original models. In all these countries democracy is hastening along parallel lines although at a different pace. Collectivism, strongly evident in some from the outset, is now pronounced in all, with somewhat similar political consequences. States continental in range are perennially faced by regional tensions and struggles, and two dominions seek political and economic integration through federal systems, with their array of complex problems. Similarly significant is the attempt to embrace within the democratic state diverse nationalities. In the middle of the last century John Stuart Mill wrote that "free institutions are next to impossible in a country made up of different nation-

alities. Among a people without fellow feeling, especially if they read and speak different languages, the united public opinion, necessary to the working of representative government cannot exist." Under almost precisely these adverse conditions two dominions have attempted to operate democratic institutions, and their attempt has not been one of abject failure. Their success would doubtless surprise Mill. Such, in brief, are the experiments that constitute the theme of *Democracy in the Dominions*.

Professor Griffith Taylor perennially astonishes his colleagues by managing to write so much and travel so far within a year. In 1947 he published two substantial books, one little short of 400 pages and the other over 500. In the first of these, *Our Evolving Civilization: An Introduction to Geopacifics*, he brings together much of the material concerning environmental controls present in his earlier volumes, especially in *Environment, Race and Migration*. The substance of his argument was given in the Messenger Lectures on Civilization at Cornell University in April, 1944. The theme begins by examining the teachings of geology and ecology relative to the surroundings of primitive man, moves on (along with numerous tables and maps) to a treatment of racial differentiation and dispersion, considers then the material influences on cultural development and cultural divisions, and narrows down to a discussion of the smaller groups of men engaged in constructing early towns as centres of an advanced civilization. Professor Taylor concludes in chapters dealing with the contrasts between geopolitics and what he calls "geopacifics," namely, the policies which would utilize geography for national power in contrast with those which would utilize it for international peace. These chapters are not too clearly integrated with what precedes them. They contain also rather more of the author's sanguine aspirations than of his hard analyses. Yet the work as a whole is a remarkable performance in the marshalling of facts drawn from diverse sciences, especially the physical. It is a geographer's interesting and challenging attempt to explain the growth of civilization, with the limitations and virtues of such an attempt. Since the emphasis is inevitably upon the material factors of environment, the social thinker will not be satisfied that the modern manifestations of civilization are adequately explored; there is no real attention to man's nature and the intricate play of man's spirit, particularly in relation to such issues as peace and war. Indeed Professor Taylor himself admits this limitation in the closing sentences of the book.

Professor Taylor's second volume, *Canada: A Study of Cool Continental Environments and Their Effect on British and French Settlement*, is a companion to the book published by him on Australia in 1940. The organization of the material is somewhat similar to that in his earlier study, embracing three main sections: (i) position, discovery, and general physical features; (ii) the natural regions and their varied environments; (iii) the environments as related to man. This book, which promptly takes its place as the most thorough study of Canadian geography, is another testi-

mony to the author's great knowledge and impressive industry. In addition to a number of plates, it contains 161 text illustrations and numerous tables. It is less interesting for the student of society than *Our Evolving Civilization*, and its general ideas are simply those more fully elaborated in the latter work. In its concluding paragraphs Professor Taylor zealously beats a big drum for his subject, geography, and complains about its shabby neglect by the educational authorities of Canada. "How is it," he asks, "that of all the literate nations in the world, Canada and Ecuador alone pay practically no attention to geography in their scheme of education?"

Professor Taylor has some genuine basis for his complaint. Certainly the British emphasis on geography has never been introduced to the educational system of Canada. But he exaggerates the point. Geography may not have the special place that he would assign it, but it has not been ignored to the extent that he suggests, and for a long time Canadian historians and economists have been very "geography conscious," no less so than those of other countries in the English-speaking world. They have been compelled in their analysis to consider the geographic factors, but, since they are not nominally teachers in departments of geography, Professor Taylor is not disposed to concede them much credit for their virtue.

Another book essentially on geography, to which Professor Taylor contributes two chapters, is *The New North-West*, edited by Professor C. A. Dawson of McGill University, and consisting of twelve chapters (described here as "Parts") by a variety of authors. This volume has been sponsored by the Canadian Social Science Research Council and aided by the Rockefeller Foundation in the belief that the increased importance of the north-west and Arctic regions of Canada demanded a systematic survey of the area by geographers, geologists, social scientists, agricultural scientists, educationalists, and medical men. Here these representatives of various disciplines present careful surveys, replete with significant information, and illuminated by excellent illustrations. Mrs. Elaine A. Mitchell completes the book with a useful bibliography.

In short space it is impossible to review the abundant factual material in *The New North-West*. But notable is the admonition of Professor C. A. Dawson that the facile comparisons now so commonly drawn between the development in the Russian and the Canadian Arctic areas must be taken with caution. It is naive to assume that parallels of latitude signify a genuine similarity in the opportunities for settlement. While the far north in Russia has much in common with that in Canada, the more urgent need of the Russians to use Arctic waters for transport coupled with some special geographic features of their northern lands make close comparison with Canada difficult. Moreover, what is done in settlement under the highly authoritarian system of Russia cannot necessarily be done under the highly individualistic system of Canada. But Professor

Dawson, like other contributors to this book, is convinced that Canada can and should achieve much more in Arctic development. As a preliminary to everything else she can carry out extensive scientific study of the area and devise suitable organizations for the use of its resources and the preservation of its inhabitants. The refrain throughout is that the application of science and organization are imperative to extend the northward march of Canada.

A miscellaneous group of books appeared during the year dealing with the economic conditions and economic problems which confront the contemporary state. Most of these are tracts for the times, written to influence public opinion, and not intended as ambitious treatises for academic students. Such, for example, are *Pattern for Prosperity* by Frank H. Brown, and *Canadian Democracy and the Economic Settlement* by R. Cecil Cragg. Mr. Brown has had a distinguished career in banking and the public service, and in easy prose writes a sensible book on the nature of Canadian economic problems and how they are best to be treated. He has a confidence in private enterprise, but is convinced that it cannot accomplish what is desired without certain forms of government assistance, in particular those forms which exponents of full employment have discussed over the last decade. Mr. Cecil Cragg has somewhat different views, and certainly expresses them with much less clarity and simplicity. The substance of his prescription for Canada is contained in the closing sentences of the book. "The thing now is to be British, right up to the hilt, for the British people have been kind enough to do our thinking for us. This is as we would have it, and now we have it—socialism, by Saint George, Saint David and Saint Andrew." The professional economist is likely to regard Mr. Cragg's generalizations as naive, and the professional politician will probably view them as youthful. At any rate they come from a zealous citizen, terribly serious about the problems of his country, but they would receive far more attention if this book were half its present length.

In the same category of books intended to influence public opinion is *Industry and Humanity* by the present Prime Minister of Canada. First published in 1918 as a guide to post-war reconstruction, it has gone through fifteen editions, the present being an abridgment with a new introduction of thirteen pages. It attempts to set out the general principles which should govern relations between labour, capital, management, and the community, and the author regards these principles as no less applicable to the international than to the industrial field. In the main the argument keeps to the plane of generality, and with it no liberal democrat is likely to disagree. The book would have been far more significant if completely rewritten in terms of that rich experience in industrial relations which has accumulated during the last thirty years. But we realize that in this period Mr. King has been busy doing many other things than preparing a new edition of his book, and we can easily excuse him for the conspicuous absence of fresh thought in this volume.

An example of the learned and informing monograph is *Monopolies and Patents: A Study of the History and Future of the Patent Monopoly*, by Harold G. Fox, a noted authority on patent law. This study will be of special interest to the lawyer, economist, and economic historian. It traces the history of monopoly and patents from the ancient world and winds up with a discussion of the modern issues. The author is highly critical of some current views on patents, especially the view that they should be abolished. He believes that there should be no difference in principle in the basis of grant as between patents and copyright. Another technical study but of wider public interest is *Corporation Finance* by Professor C. A. Ashley of Toronto. It covers the major phases of the subject in its Canadian setting in twelve extremely readable chapters, with more detailed information in the appendices, and with abundant references to further reading in foot-notes and a bibliography. Simplicity and readability should create for this book a market extending far beyond college classrooms.

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES

Alfred (Rev. Brother), Catholic pioneers in Upper Canada (Toronto, Macmillan, xvi, 251 pp., $2.75). **Ashley (C. A.)**, Corporation finance (Toronto, Macmillan, x, 250 pp., $2.50). **Brady (Alexander)**, Democracy in the Dominions: a comparative study in institutions (Toronto, University of Toronto Press—Saunders, x, 475 pp., $4.25). **Brown (F. H.)**, Pattern for prosperity (Vancouver, Mitchell Printing and Publishing Co., xviii, 217 pp., $2.00). **Canada, Department of External Affairs**, The United Nations, 1946: report on the second part of the first session of the General Assembly of the United Nations held in New York, October 23—December 15, 1946 (Conference series 1946, no. 3; Ottawa, King's Printer, 290 pp., 50c.). **Canadian Historical Association**, Report of the annual meeting held at Quebec May 29-30, 1947: with historical papers; edited by R. A. Preston (Toronto, University of Toronto Press, 91 pp., $2.00). **Carter (G. M.)**, The British Commonwealth and international security: the role of the Dominions, 1919-1939 (Toronto, Ryerson and the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, xx, 326 pp., $4.00). **Coats (R. H.)** ed., Features of present-day Canada (*Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, Philadelphia, vol. CCLIII, Sept.). **Cragg (R. C.)**, Canadian democracy and the economic settlement (Toronto, Ryerson, xlii, 262 pp., $4.00). **Credits and collections in Canada**; sponsored by the Canadian Credit Institute, Credit Granters' Association of Canada, the Canadian Credit Men's Trust Association, Limited and Associated Credit Bureaus of Canada (Toronto, Ryerson, xvi, 383 pp., $3.00). **Davidson (W. H.)**, An account of the life of William Davidson otherwise John Godsman of Banffshire and Aberdeenshire in Scotland and Miramichi in British North America (Historical studies, no. 6; Saint John, N.B., Publications of the New Brunswick Museum, 60 pp., $1.75). **Dawson (C. A.)** ed., The new North-West (Toronto, University of Toronto Press—Saunders, x, 341 pp., $4.25). **Dawson (R. MacG.)**, The government of Canada (Toronto, University of Toronto Press—Saunders, x, 662 pp., $5.50). **Fox (H. G.)**, Monopolies and patents: a study of the history and future of the patent monopoly (Toronto, University of Toronto Press—Saunders, xxvi, 388 pp., $10.00). **Jones (R. L.)**, History of agriculture in Ontario, 1613-1880; with a foreword by Fred Landon (Toronto: University of Toronto Press—Saunders, 1946, xvi, 420 pp., $4.25). **King (W. L. M.)**, Industry and humanity: a study in the principles underlying industrial reconstruction; re-issue, with new introduction (Toronto, Macmillan, xxx, 270 pp., $4.00). **McInnis (Edgar)**, Canada: a political and social history (New

York, Rinehart; Toronto, Clarke Irwin, xviii, 574 pp., $6.50). **MacLeod (M. A.)** ed., The letters of Letitia Hargrave; with introduction and notes (Toronto, Champlain Society, cliv, 310, xiv pp., n.f.s.). **MacNaughton (K. F. C.)**, The development of the theory and practice of education in New Brunswick, 1784-1900: a study in historical background; edited with an introduction by ALFRED G. BAILEY; foreword by MILTON F. GREGG, V.C., C.B.E., M.C. (University of New Brunswick historical studies, no. 1; Fredericton, N.B., the University, 20, 268 pp.). **Manitoba, Province of,** Report of the Manitoba Royal Commission on adult education, by JOHN J. DEUTSCH, HAROLD A. INNIS, FRANCES McKAY, A. W. TRUEMAN, chairman (Winnipeg, King's Printer, 170 pp.). **Masters (D. C.)**, The rise of Toronto, 1850-1890 (Toronto, University of Toronto Press—Saunders, xii, 239 pp., $3.75). **Millman (T. R.)**, Jacob Mountain, first Lord Bishop of Quebec: a study in church and state, 1793-1825 (University of Toronto studies, History and economics series, vol. X; Toronto, University of Toronto Press—Saunders, viii, 320 pp., $4.00). **Murchie (Guy)**, Saint Croix, the sentinel river: historical sketches of its discovery, early conflicts and final occupation by English and American settlers with some comments on Indian life (New York, Duell, Sloan & Pearce; Toronto, Collins, xx, 281 pp., $4.00). **Plewman (W. R.)**, Adam Beck and the Ontario Hydro (Toronto, Ryerson, xxii, 494 pp., $5.00). ***Rich (E. E.)** ed., Minutes of the Hudson's Bay Company, 1679-1684: second part, 1682-84; with an introduction by *G. N. CLARK (Hudson's Bay Company series, vol. IX; Toronto, Champlain Society, 1946, xlviii, 368, xv pp.). **Riddell (W. A.)**, World security by conference (Toronto, Ryerson, xii, 216 pp., $4.00). **Rosengren (E. M.)**, Readings in money and banking (Toronto, University of Toronto Press—Saunders, x, 330 pp., $4.00). **Sissons (C. B.)**, Egerton Ryerson: his life and letters; vol. II (Toronto, Clarke Irwin, xii, 678 pp., $7.50). **Skelton (Isabel)**, A man austere: William Bell, parson and pioneer (Toronto, Ryerson, xxvi, 337 pp., $4.00). **Taylor (Griffith)**, Canada: a study of cool continental environments and their effect on British and French settlement (London, Eng., Methuen; Toronto, Saunders, xvi, 524 pp., ill., $6.00); Our evolving civilization: an introduction to geopacifics, geographical aspects of the path toward world peace; with 108 text illustrations (Toronto, University of Toronto Press—Saunders, 1946, xvi, 370 pp., $4.25). **Yates (S. W.)**, The Saskatchewan Wheat Pool: its origin, organization and progress, 1924-1935, with some reference to the Alberta and Manitoba Pools, and to the Pools' central selling agency; edited by ARTHUR S. MORTON (Saskatoon, United Farmers of Canada, Saskatchewan Section Ltd., 218 pp., $1.50).

V. CRITICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS

J. C. GARRETT AND OTHERS

This section, which completes the survey of Canadian letters in English, deals with all the miscellaneous works formerly included under the heading of "Remaining Material," except that Professor Brady's review of scholarship in the social sciences has been printed this year as a separate essay. Theoretically there should also have been another section for scholarship in the humanities, but it would be next to impossible to find one reviewer competent and willing to undertake such a task, and, besides, as the QUARTERLY has a special responsibility to represent this area of studies, notable Canadian books on the humanities are usually reviewed separately, often before the appearance of the issue which contains "Letters in Canada." Scant and cursory consideration of such works in the April survey is an inverse measure of their importance in the other three issues of the year.

The arrangement of the material is about the same as formerly, with one exception. A head-line has been added to each numbered sub-section to indicate subject and author and to take the place of editorial explanations in connective paragraphs and foot-notes.

1. CRITICISM, BIOGRAPHY, AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY — J. C. GARRETT

During the past year several significant books in the general field of the humanities were published by Canadian academics, and it seems appropriate therefore to speak of them first even although some of them have been, or are to be, reviewed separately in this journal. Two literary studies of the first rank have appeared: H. N. Frye's *Fearful Symmetry* and Barker Fairley's *A Study of Goethe*. The first of these, which has already been reviewed in the QUARTERLY, is an exploration into the mind of William Blake and an attempt to expound Blake's symbolism. Professor Frye untangles the intricacies of his subject with remarkable perception and scholarship, and writes in a prose style of unusual distinction and power. Professor Fairley's book, which is a study in the psychological development of Goethe, comes from a scholar of international reputation, and this latest book has received praise on both sides of the Atlantic. It will be reviewed at some length in a forthcoming issue, as will still another work, Professor F. E. L. Priestley's edition of Godwin's *Political Justice*. For over a hundred years no complete edition of this influential book has been published, and as Godwin revised his original work considerably, a critical text has been greatly needed by scholars. It has been the practice of writers on English political thought to read Godwin at second hand, or in excerpts: Professor Priestley has now made a facsimile of the third edition available, and has added a critical analysis not only of the text, but of Godwin's political philosophy itself.[1]

Another study from the academic world is *The Showman of Vanity Fair* by Lionel Stevenson, who, though Professor of English at the University of Southern California, still looks upon himself, in part at least, as a Canadian. This biography, coming at a time when Thackeray's voluminous correspondence is being published, is of great interest; it is a full-dress account, amplified with considerable background material and illustrated with a great many Thackeray drawings. It does not indulge in a speculative analysis of the novelist's personality, but it does shed considerable light on his relationship with other great Victorian figures. Particularly interesting is the demonstration of the profound influence which Thackeray's attachment to Mrs. Brookfield had on works like *Henry Esmond* and *Pendennis*. Even here of course much is left obscure, but the biographer is too honest to indulge his fancy.

[1]Preliminary reference should also be made to *The Humanities in Canada* by Watson Kirkconnell and A. S. P. Woodhouse which is likewise to be reviewed in an early issue of the QUARTERLY.

Fundamentally the book presents the pathetic picture of a nineteenth-century author trying to dignify the profession of letters and endeavouring at the same time to earn an adequate livelihood. The first demands absolute honesty; the second entails catering to the market. This divided purpose built up a terrible tension in Thackeray, who, obsessed with the objective of leaving a competence for his daughters, was literally worn out by journalism. Many a compromise had to be made, not only in producing second-rate reading matter to meet editorial dead-lines, but also in suiting the middle-class palate. This accounts for Thackeray's reticence (and his sarcasm); it accounts for his disingenuous treatment of the eighteenth-century humourists in order to titillate a prudish public. Even in launching the *Cornhill Magazine* he announced his catch-penny programme: "at our social table we shall suppose the ladies and children always present." Thackeray would not martyr himself for his opinions, but he did for money. And so, in compromising, he really failed to achieve what was his aim, to dignify the station of the writer. Professor Stevenson is far less censorious about this than he might have been; he has presented Thackeray's struggle with great sympathy and judgment. [2]

The review of the next book on the list has been contributed by Professor E. K. Brown.

"The collaboration between Mr. Henry W. Wells of Columbia University and Mr. Carl F. Klinck of the University of Western Ontario in *Edwin J. Pratt: The Man and His Poetry* has given us an interesting and valuable book, although without that unity of effect which collaboration at its best can produce. Mr. Klinck offers in the first third of the work a biographical account with due attention to the history of the poems; Mr. Wells studies in the remainder the principal themes in Pratt's poetry with an eye to writers old and new in whose minds and spirits these themes have been most important and who have translated them into the highest artistic results. It is admirable that at last Pratt's poetry should be surveyed and estimated, at least implicitly, by an American critic, although it is a pity that the book did not appear from an American house and thus come to the notice of American reviewers and readers as a book with a Canadian imprint cannot. Ingenious as Mr. Wells's approach is, the first extensive consideration of Pratt would have more wisely focussed on Pratt's work, taken as an organic unity, and interpreted mainly in terms of its own development.

"Mr. Klinck's biographical study is well-conceived and unfailingly sympathetic. It adds considerably to our information about Pratt.

[2] A few small books of an academic or related nature also appeared: *An Infinity of Questions*, a study by C. J. Eustace in the religious ideas of Helen Foley, Katherine Mansfield, France Pastorelli, Elizabeth Leseur, and Ste. Thérèse of Lisieux; *The Heresy of Courtly Love*, a lecture by Father Alexander H. Denomy, which explores the influence of Arabian philosophy on courtly love doctrine; and *The Wit and Wisdom of Alfred North Whitehead*, a book of excerpts selected by Professor A. H. Johnson. The latter volume is a tribute to the incisiveness and breadth of Whitehead's mind, though a certain lack of astringency of statement and crispness of style keeps Whitehead just outside the ranks of the world's great aphorists.

Occasional inaccuracies are unimportant. It is not in what Mr. Klinck says, but in what he does not say, that he is disappointing. Important as it is to stress the range of Pratt's friendships and the generosity with which he conducts them, it is only less important to note that he can dislike with poetic intensity, and that from the nature of his rare but strong dislikes a great deal can be discovered, and applied to the understanding of his poems. An admiring reference in passing to Mrs. Pratt is an extremely inadequate indication of what has probably been the most important single influence in the poet's growth. A poet with strong academic roots is certain to have been influenced in very important degree by his reading; and apart from some meagre indications of what Pratt read in boyhood, and some references to a few English classics, and to the pursuit of his interest in science, almost nothing is told of this. One critical observation which is repeated a number of times seems to me open to much objection: this is the description of Pratt as an Elizabethan. There is an important Elizabethan element in Pratt, but it is not near the centre. Pratt is not a nationally minded man, but an individual with a strong international bent, to whom national elements are precious only when they correspond with personal emphases. His relationship with the setting of the human drama, with the animals, and with the vast inanimate world, is only less important than his interest in the drama itself. And in that drama what chiefly concerns him is not the Elizabethan curiosity about individuals, but something far more primitive, a feeling for the common essence of humanity.

"In the latter part of the book Mr. Wells brings out a number of important elements in Pratt's work by his series of comparisons and contrasts. Without contending that this work has equal value with the greatest literature of the world—whether it has, he leaves an open question—by placing it in such company as Aristophanes and Aeschylus and demonstrating that in such company it keeps its force and beauty he gradually conveys the conviction that it belongs there. Musset remarked that his glass was not large but he drank from his own glass; Pratt drinks from his own glass, and it is of heroic size."

A curiosity among the year's biographies is R. S. Lambert's *For the Time is at Hand*, an account of the bizarre career of the apocalyptic Canadian prophet, Henry Wentworth Monk, who, going unshorn like a Nazarite, and eschewing all earthly possessions, wandered penniless over England, Asia Minor, and America preaching a doctrine which fused Zionism, internationalism, and biblical prophecy. An incessant composer of "letters to the editor" and of religio-political tracts, he uncannily won an entry into high places, even though his stay there was often brief. He attempted, for instance, to mediate the American Civil War single-handed, suggesting to Lincoln that the North abandon the Union and the South abandon slavery; Lincoln listened with amused interest but was not convinced. Monk was an arresting figure and won the attention of men as diverse as Horace Greeley, Holman Hunt, John Ruskin, and many Jewish leaders.

Having travelled to the Holy Land twice he conceived the idea of Jerusalem not only as the centre of a national home for the Jews but also as the site of a permanent city of peace. He thus combined his Zionism with a scheme for a League of Nations. Mr. Lambert regards him therefore as a significant forerunner of those who, in shaping the United Nations, are making one last desperate attempt to stave off Armageddon. Monk worked indefatigably, but neither politician nor clergyman heeded him for long—and it is little wonder, for there was much of the crackpot in him.

That is, in fact, why Mr. Lambert's book fails to convince the reader: the biography is subordinated to a propagandist appeal for the United Nations, instead of being a dispassionate study. Monk's thought is, after all, typical of a quite common obsession with the prophecies of the Old Testament and the symbols of the Book of Revelation. (Early in the book the author suggests a psychological explanation for Monk's obsession and then fails to follow it up.) It is curious that the mania should have been combined with certain liberal, progressive doctrines of the nineteenth century, but the combinations and permutations of ideas in human brains are practically infinite. Every Utopian has many bees in his bonnet, not all of them productive. Monk was like that, and ended where it was perhaps inevitable that he should: as a haunter of the Parliamentary Library in Ottawa, picturesque in old clothes, and graced with flowing beard, buttonholing M.P.'s who tolerated him as an idealistic, well-meaning, but harmless "old character."

A less provocative book is Athelstan George Harvey's *Douglas of the Fir*, which tells, in a rather pedestrian way, the life story of the man whose name has been given to the *Pinus taxifolia*. This intrepid, zealous, and stubborn Scotch botanist introduced into England "more plants than ever before have been introduced by any individual from any country." Travelling during the eighteen-twenties under conditions of the greatest hardship and danger in the Pacific North-West, then across the Rockies by way of Athabaska Pass and the plains to Hudson Bay, and later in California, the Sandwich Islands, New Caledonia, and Hawaii, he collected with grim and unrelenting pertinacity hundreds of examples of plants and trees which had not before been recorded. But in spite of the adventurous aspect of his life he is not a particularly tractable subject for biography. Only occasionally are revealing remarks, like this one, recorded: ". . .travelled thirty-three miles, drenched and bleached with rain and sleet, chilled with a piercing north wind; and then to finish the day experienced the cooling comfortless consolation of lying down wet without supper or fire. On such occasions I am very liable to become fretful." In reading the documented travels, on which the author has lavished great care, we become aware of how really impenetrable the dour old Scot was. Only one chapter, describing Douglas' restless frustration in England after his first lionization, gives us an insight into the workings of the passionate collector's inner mechanism. Often he merely resembles one of his first

scientific companions: "Scouler returned to town one day making a strange appearance: he had a large vasculum loaded with plants on his back, his pockets were filled with granite specimens, his hat outside and inside was pinned full of insects, both arms were full of plants, and somehow he carried a snake which was reckoned one of the most venomous species to be found."

But the biography does throw some light on the spirit in which an early nineteenth-century investigator worked, exploring the wonders of the hand of a Creator to whom he always referred as "Nature's God," and is a record of the kind of adventure still open to the men of that era. Still, Douglas remains inscrutable as a personality, inscrutable as was his mysterious and horrifying death in Hawaii. The author does not explore the personality of Douglas at much depth, but the book is after all concerned chiefly with listing the explorer's scientific achievements.

The account of another famous nineteenth-century figure deserves mention here, although it is primarily intended for young readers. That is *The Talking Wire: The Story of Alexander Graham Bell*, a very readable book by O. J. Stevenson. Written with simplicity and a keen sense of the dramatic, it tells not only of the inventor's early life as a student of phonetics, but of his attempts to invent a robot which could reproduce human speech. This preoccupation led him to study the problems of the deaf, and the mechanical transmission of the human voice. The years of dreaming on a Brantford farm and the final exciting night when the first audible sentence, "Mr. Watson—come here—I want you," went over the wire are vividly recounted; and the author makes his way with skill through the years of litigation which followed the patenting. Professor Stevenson, though conscious of a young audience, never "writes down" nor does he fall into the trap of cheap journalism that awaits so many popularizers.

It is not possible to speak with any enthusiasm about *Pauline Johnson and Her Friends* by Walter McRaye, which is neither a biography nor a critique, but a patched-together memorial. Written without distinction, the book's rather meagre information about Pauline Johnson is weighted with slabs of comment by Hector Charlesworth, O. J. Stevenson, Frederick George Scott, Frederick Watts-Dunton, and many others. There is no attempt made to analyse the curious discontinuity between Pauline Johnson's experience and her romantic reading of the Canadian scene. But the book is not completely valueless, as a great deal of it is a lively account of the author's reminiscences of barnstorming with the poetess, when they were together a kind of one-night Chautauqua. "We saw the end of the old West," he writes, and he has recaptured something of the life of the frontier era. They entertained in a weird array of "opera houses"—"anything from a saloon poolroom to a grain elevator—anything in fact that could hold a crowd." They visited practically every settlement of any size, even old ghost mining-towns in British Columbia with their "empty houses, vacant stores, rotting sidewalks and stillness that is noisy

in its monotony." They met everyone who was engaged in opening up the vast region west of the lakes. But the personality of Pauline Johnson simply does not emerge, and the citations from her poems and prose are rather pale beside the experiences described; in fact they serve unintentionally to depress her reputation as a writer.

At this point it might be appropriate to mention Professor P. G. Hiebert's *Sarah Binks*, a satire on Canadian academic literary appreciation. Supplying the biography with all the paraphernalia of literary studies—genealogy, formative influences, petits papiers etc.—Mr. Hiebert quotes liberally from the works of his fictitious poetess, the sweet singer of Saskatchewan. In its conception the book is delicious; its aping of the fulsome praise heaped on national *littérateurs* is highly entertaining. Unfortunately the book becomes tedious in the end. For one thing the author is not quite sure of his method: it is studied irony at one moment and burlesque at the next. Moreover the poems cited, all of them outrageously and ridiculously absurd, do not suggest any precise kind of absurdity—from an imaginative point of view, they are not coherently conceived. If they were, the satire would have more bite. Still, Professor Hiebert has done a good job of demolition.

In conclusion one might mention *Canadian Strength*, a series of biographical sketches by Corolyn Cox, reprinted from *Saturday Night* and the *Montreal Standard*. They are highly factual and generally adulatory accounts of business men who organized the Canadian industrial war effort. Of the series Mr. C. D. Howe comments in a foreword that the book provides "an interesting analysis of men who make up those that we may consider leaders in Canada's industrial life." This remark will provoke appropriate speculation in the mind of the reader.

Passing from biography to autobiography and diaries, one meets a quite unmistakeable talent, that of Robertson Davies, in *The Diary of Samuel Marchbanks*. This book, selected from entries in a column in the *Peterborough Examiner*, is the imaginary diary of a hypochondriacal, but shrewd, observer of the Canadian way of life. The author might have been expected to fall into the usual trap of North American folksiness, or to play the professional humourist, but he does neither. His wit is spontaneous and exuberant, issuing out of a well-stored and cultivated mind; his opinions are tart and crisp, and the author is never a prey to the craven fear of disappointing or antagonizing his public; in an age of witless glorification of the Common Man he raises his voice for the Uncommon Man: "only individuals think, gangs merely throb." His gay playfulness with words (a convention is inevitably a "corroboree") does not smother the note of a serious, if ironic, criticism of Canadian mores. Not all the thrusts are new, but they need repetition: he notes our timid liquor laws, our local politics, our stupefying censorship, our addiction to coddling the young. He notes also the more complacent provincialisms of Ontario: "It is interesting that most Ontario people suffer from the delusion that

they speak without an accent of any kind, and that corruption of the King's English exists only outside the confines of this blessed spot, this realm, this Ontario." In fact the book is a breath of fresh air, fresh because it does not assume that to be honest and frank one must perforce turn a lathe for a living and have failed Grade Four. It is in this spirit that he delivers his periodic assaults on the movies (his ingenious suggestions about how Hollywood would produce *Hamlet* or the life of Karl Marx are illustrative of his satire). But he has always a wider significance in mind: "To the movies tonight to see a film dedicated to the exposition of one of the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Hollywood Faith, to wit, that a fellow who chews gum, wears his hat in the house, and rapes the English language every time he opens his mouth is a better matrimonial choice for a nice young girl than a suave fellow who has lots of money and has been successfully exposed to education. The apotheosis of the Yahoo is one of the primary objects of Hollywood." The serious purpose of satire underlies his work, but the author knows how to be light-hearted; he does not assume that to understand "Life" one must strike an attitude of portentous gravity. Indeed his trivia are among the most attractive features of the book. To which observations one must certainly add that the author has a strikingly individual flavour and a real sense of style.

Of the same nature but of lesser merit is *The Diary of Our Own Pepys*, a volume of extracts from a column written in the *Ottawa Citizen* by the late E. W. Harrold between 1930 and 1945, and collected by I. N. Smith. The diary (somewhat pretentious in its title) affects occasionally an older spelling or idiom, and it is hard to defend some of the entries on the basis of merit, but the book as a whole is an interesting commentary on Canadian affairs. The author was a man of considerable curiosity about men and books—he ranges over a wide variety of subjects, from King Edward VIII's abdication to Orson Welles, from Housman's poetry to Hitler's speeches. I am surprised that readers (according to the jacket) were sometimes angered or inspired by his commentary, because his writing is that of a mild man, and the edge of his remarks is often blunted by the archaism of the diction. By and large his temper is patient and humane; sometimes, as when he contemplates the approach of war, it is that of quiet despair; only rarely does he indulge in invective. His observations about books are personal and unassuming; occasionally he is aggressively middlebrow about pictures: "I have sly misdoubts concerning the man that tells me loudly that the reaction he receives from a nude is solely of an aesthetic nature." On the movies he often makes good remarks, as for instance when he is evaluating French films: "A French producer never mistakes voluptuousness in an actress for talent.... What is generally called 'Gallic' frankness is simply artistic integrity.... French film characters of low life smell of their environment; Hollywood characters of low life just smell." He has an eye for people—entertainers, journalists, and politicians. And in the confusing international events of the past twenty

years he was a clear-headed man of goodwill, who was not fooled by a dummy masquerading as Caesar, or by a commissar posing as a democrat. Altogether, the author's personality comes through as that of a genial companion, with a good share of the wisdom that accumulates through experience.

Another newspaperman, J. F. B. Livesay, the founder of the Canadian Press, left some fragments of an unfinished autobiography when he died; his wife has now edited and strung them together, adding a memoir and opinions written by other Canadian journalists. Assembled, *The Making of a Canadian* is a scrappy, disjointed affair; its bulk is eked out with a longish short story from Livesay's pen. One gathers that Livesay was a man whose honest personality won him many friends; his service to the land of his adoption is summarized by Mr. E. Norman Smith: "Fred Livesay contributed to the national cohesion of Canada more than any one man of his generation. . . . He revolutionised the Canadian newspapers by enabling them to be national and non-partisan in their presentation of the news." Even if this is somewhat of an over-statement, no one would question the tremendous value of the Canadian Press.

Still, the autobiography leaves much room for speculation as there is a note of frustration which may be heard between the lines. Too much is untold, but the obliquely autobiographical short story, "The High White Bed" gives us an echo. At some point in the journey toward becoming a Canadian he deliberately shook off the old world as if it were an encumbrance, shook it off in favour of the uncomplex obtuseness of the New World. He admitted that "twenty minutes, like the sermon from the pulpit, is the length of good speaking in England. . . . In North America there is less to talk about and so it takes longer to say." But he says we must not be contaminated by Old World culture; it is, apparently, a mistake for Canadians to go to Oxford. On the Isis "you cannot gain much without losing something. . . . Sophistication exacts its price. The completely civilised man lacks guts; he is too aware of the opposing currents, the fearsome undertow, the raging billows, no less than the treacherous calms of that restless engulfing sea we call life." Presumably unawareness is to be magnified into a virtue, and Canada is to achieve her proper status as half-civilized. This is curious from a man who idolized Henry James, but from a man who was proud to have made himself into a Canadian it is a counsel of despair. Or was it that he viewed our prospects as fundamentally restricted? He thought it foolish of us to ape America, or to turn a credulous ear to the glowing prospectuses of future Canadian wealth: "Canada, in my belief, was meant to be a comparatively poor, clean northern country, like Norway." With that judgment few of us would quarrel; but its corollary, that we should lower our sights intellectually, is surely only an acrid, personal release of emotion relating to some better world unrealized.

The danger of choosing a saucy title is illustrated in the next book, N. B. James's *Autobiography of a Nobody*, for it is appropriate in being

almost literally accurate. After making elaborate (too elaborate) disclaimers of distinction in his opening chapters, the author reveals himself as one of those folksy, talkative humourists who congratulate themselves on having been unteachable in youth and who are therefore to be considered "unique" and "unusual" in their maturity. Teachers always made Mr. James "come out in a rash," according to his introductory avowal, but this did not deter him from becoming a disciple of that persuasive schoolteacher, William Aberhart. Mr. James has been a Social Credit M.L.A. for twelve years. Announcing as his aim "to make people chuckle," Mr. James does indeed succeed in an unusual way—he backpaddles from idea after idea as the book progresses. The memoirs take us over the familiar pioneer era (though the recollections are often vague and imprecise), through the Great War, and finally to the Great Depression and the rise of Social Credit in Alberta. At least one thing can be said in favour of the book: Mr. James's account of the terrible suffering of farmers on the prairies during the depression is a solemn warning to Canadian politicians. But this merit is largely smothered by the laboured and self-conscious fun-peddling.

Mr. Turner Bone's *When the Steel Went Through* might have been expected to contain lively anecdotes of the early days in western Canada as he was a construction engineer on the C.P.R. But he waited too long before committing his recollections to paper. Very often there are lapses of memory, and the remembered facts are often of but trifling interest. He was interested in people, and met scores of men who were to become notable in the West. Unfortunately, he conveys little of their character, although there was a good deal of vitality in evidence during those hustling days. The author has no power of telling a story and no gift of description, without which memoirs are impossible. Typical of the pointlessness of his memory is this remark about the driving of the last spike of the C.P.R.: "On its completion [i.e., the last bridge] the way was clear for the final act of linking by rail on Canadian soil, the Atlantic with the Pacific. . . . I was not present at that ceremony. I was too busily engaged, as were the engineers, in packing up and getting ready to leave." There is little humour, and no salt in the book; altogether it is a very disappointing performance.

Inequality is the most striking feature of another book of memoirs, *The Heart is Highland*, by Professor James A. Roy. It is a strange book; an amalgam of nostalgia for the lone shieling, factual record of academic summer holidays in the old land, and reverie involving children and dogs. A good romantic, Professor Roy is a stout defender of the conviction that dreams and feelings are more real than concrete facts, and he uses this belief as a device through which to conduct conversations with dogs, penguins, horses, etc., conversations which are slyly, but, I must confess, only faintly, satirical. (A pedantic camel for instance turns out to be "a professor of English Literature in one of our Great Universities" who had

written a learned book on *Perfumes in Arabia as illustrated in the Tragedies and Sonnets of William Shakespeare*). Sometimes the author cultivates the pose of being a bit fey, with only partial success, although he is capable of recording wittily the manner and substance of an absurd Scottish conversation. Occasionally there is a sudden gust of humour, as when in reply to a little girl's assertion that "professors ought to have families," he says: "Possibly some of them should; but if you knew some of the professors I know you wouldn't be so dogmatic." The style is, for the most part, deliberately chatty and sometimes bumbling, which is a pity, for Professor Roy can be genially crisp if he chooses, and can (as he shows in the soliloquizing passages) develop a sympathetic bond between himself and the reader. Not being a Highlander, I find myself inaccessible to some of the fun possibly hidden in the book, which is, on the whole, rather tedious.

Of quite a different kind is Kenneth C. Cragg's *Father on the Farm*, a book of episodic memories, largely slapstick in their humour. The sketches are centred on the author's "father" (really his uncle) but the incidents, and indeed the characters who appear, could be found not only in Wellington County but through the length and breadth of Canada. They recall an era that is passing away with the coming of mechanization and the penetration of urban ways and habits into the country. This was the period when the radio was unknown and the telephone still an object of suspicion; this was the age of Hallowe'en vandalism, Victoria Day baseball games, Christmas concerts, and strawberry socials, of Orangemen's prejudice and parochial puritanism, the era of all-pervading manual toil and steady drudgery through the succeeding seasons. The quality of recollection is sometimes vivid: "A real euchre player can always be spotted by how he plays [his cards], with a straight arm pull from the hand held close under the chin, a sweep of the forearm and then a short snap from the wrist, with the knuckle of his fourth and little fingers cracking the table like a bailiff's knock."

The book, intentionally written in a bald style, recounts the farmer's life of hardship and occasional joy but has an unintentional significance. When one reflects on that picture objectively one realizes its terrible shortcomings: a time of toil and struggle, God-fearing but graceless, an era of straitened morality and cultural sterility (no mention of a book or a picture gets into this narrative, and the only music is that of the square-dance). The author does not shrink from the truth; but he never reflects on his story. And that is the book's limitation: it is spiritually as unimaginative as its subject. It depends for its humour on rough-and-ready effects, not at all on reflection. No exploration of the soul of his subject is even hinted at. The bare simplicity of the style is but a mirror of the aridity of the subject. Not that one would desiderate sentiment or harshness, but one rises from the book with a clear understanding of the origin of our present emptiness, having seen the period of a people inhibited by their Victorian Protestantism, spiritually incurious and culturally barren.

A quite contrasted impression is conveyed by a pleasant little autobiographical work, of the "roughing-it-in-the wilds" genre, *The Owl Pen* by Kenneth McNeill Wells. It is the record of a man and his wife escaping from the industrial scene into the wilderness, hewing out a new home with a deliberately revived frontier spirit: "This is what we had worked for, the peace and quiet of lonely concession life, the nearness of things eternal, and time to savour them." It is a typical manifestation of Canadian romanticism, which is always aware of the open spaces north of the fringe of cities, and in its way it is a tribute to the enterprise of the author. The book is capably illustrated with wood-engravings by the author's wife, and one notices that intellectual pursuits have been added to the frontier theme. The author has supplied each section with a quotation from a favourite author with a sublime disregard for dates. Pope's *Ode to Solitude*, for instance, is quoted, and dated as 1688. Pope by his own account was precocious but would have hesitated to ascribe even this juvenile performance to the year of his birth.

Last among the autobiographies, in merit, is Gordon Sinclair's *Signposts to Adventure*. Having a newspaperman's opportunity to live a kind of Richard Halliburton existence, the author has thrown down thousands of snippets of experience from a career that led him to the four corners of the earth. He enjoyed it, evidently, but his fragmentary collection of disjointed events builds up to no perceptible theme.

2. BOOKS ON THE ARTS — D. W. Buchanan

Most important among the books published during 1947 in the field of the visual arts is *The Old Architecture of Quebec* by Ramsay Traquair. It embodies the findings of many years of architectural research, of the measuring and photographing not only of old churches and convents but also of farm-houses and city dwellings. The book is copiously illustrated, plans are also given of some of the more important churches, and the text provides a detailed summary of the history of all types of building and also of wood-carving in Quebec. While many of the references are largely of technical interest, the general reader, however, will find many interesting facts about those early wood-carvers who did such elaborate masterpieces of decoration in many of the parish churches, and who often, besides being *maîtres sculpteurs*, were also architects and contractors. Then, too, the peculiarly Canadian characteristics of much of the early building are explained, so that one is readily able to grasp how environment and function determined the development of French-Canadian architecture.

Another work, embodying research notes and some historical material of value, is *Chinese Court Costumes* by Helen E. Fernald. It is, however, a slighter volume and limited to this one rather recondite aspect of Chinese art, but it does serve to remind one that, on this continent, some of the best facilities available for the study of Chinese art and archaeology exist at the Royal Ontario Museum, which is a treasure-house of Chinese

antiquities. The author is on the staff of the Museum, and she has been fortunate in having been able to illustrate the book with many plates, including four in colour.

Two books, the interest of which centres on the photographs they contain, are *Faces of Destiny* and *The New North in Pictures*. The first was published by that well-known Ottawa photographer, Yousuf Karsh, an Armenian by birth but Canadian by adoption. He sprang into international prominence when he made his famous portrait of Winston Churchill during his visit to the Canadian House of Commons. The immediate success he achieved with this picture resulted in commissions being given him to do photographs of war-time leaders in Great Britain, and later of outstanding men in Washington and of diplomats, presidents, and foreign ministers at the United Nations conference in San Francisco. From a technical point of view his photographs are superb. Yet while those qualities of rich texture and of translucent shadows, which he obtains, are remarkable, they yet do at times produce an undue aura of magnificence, that is not always in keeping with the figures portrayed. But such details of criticism can only serve to underline the great talents which Karsh undoubtedly possesses.

The accompanying notes, which he has written, are amusing and make good reading. Too brief to add much to our knowledge of the character of his sitters, they yet help to give a sense of immediate realism to the portraits, as when we learn that the forthright scowl on the face of Harold Ickes is there because when the shutter was snapped he was in the process of telling Karsh exactly what he thought of the Canol pipe-line in the Canadian north-west.

More variable in quality, yet of fairly general interest to most Canadians are the photographs printed in *The New North in Pictures*. These all come from one source, namely, the back issues of the magazine, *The Beaver*, that estimable quarterly published by the Hudson's Bay Company in Winnipeg. They have been done by various photographers, ranging all the way from distinguished professionals like Margaret Bourke-White to clever amateurs among missionaries and fur-traders. Most of the pictures of birds and animals are good, and some of those of Eskimoes are excellent. If more adequately edited, this book could have been of definite artistic as well as documentary merit. Unfortunately its flaws are only too noticeable. For example, many plates are badly scratched and should never have been reprinted in that state, and others, originally on the cover of the magazine, have title-lines in lettering cut into them, which, one would think, would have made them useless for the purpose of an anthology such as this. But if one is able to pass over such awkward and inexcusable errors in editing there remains much that is of interest in this volume.

The "Canadian Art" series is continued with two additional publications, *Walter J. Phillips* by the late Duncan Campbell Scott and *James Wilson Morrice* by Donald W. Buchanan. The Morrice booklet contains a short

essay, also some extracts from the larger and definitive biography of Morrice by the same author which appeared in 1937. The six colour plates in it are, unfortunately, of uneven quality. The small volume by Duncan Campbell Scott on Phillips is perhaps a little too much in the nature of a discursive comment by this poet on the work of an artist friend of his to be accurately called art criticism in any true sense. Nevertheless the essential merit of Phillips' achievements with colour wood-cuts is adequately explained in one chapter, which forms the best part of the booklet.

A new understanding of the relation of art to everyday life and of the essentials of design as they appear in manufactured goods is the subject of the illustrated pamphlet *Design for Use: A Survey of Design in Canada*, available from the National Gallery in Ottawa. It explains the achievements to date of the small number of Canadian product-designers, who belong to a profession which has only recently been recognized as one of importance in our economy. Well-designed functional products here illustrated include kitchen utensils, lighting fixtures, toys, ceramics, and metalware. This is the first of several publications of this nature which the National Gallery of Canada plans to print.

Based on a series of school broadcasts delivered over the C.B.C.'s network, *The Adventure of Canadian Painting* by Richard S. Lambert is definitely for children only. It consists of stories about the lives of a number of Canadian artists, from Paul Kane to Carl Schaefer. The emphasis is on colourful and preferably wholesome anecdotes, as when it is related that Horatio Walker as a youngster took delight in drawing pigs until he was persuaded to try his hand instead at depicting "King Billy" on a white horse for use on the banner of the local Orange Lodge in Listowel, Ontario. By this means, or so the account seems to indicate, he took the first step towards establishing his later career as a well-paid and much applauded artist. This kind of writing, of course, is harmless, as long as it keeps closely enough to facts, and these simple stories doubtless do serve a purpose, if the purpose is merely to awaken an interest among boys and girls in the chronicles of painting in Canada. But for any reviewer to indicate that the book is also of value to adults would be to indulge in sheer misrepresentation of its contents.

3. BOOKS ON RELIGION — W. S. McCULLOUGH

The First Epistle of Peter by the Reverend Professor F. W. Beare of Trinity College, Toronto, is an excellent example of the good craftsmanship of a biblical scholar. The book has the usual features of a New Testament commentary: introduction, Greek text (with *apparatus criticus*), a fresh English translation, and exegetical notes. It is the first English commentary to expound the thesis (already advocated by other writers, mostly Continental) that I Peter is not the work of the apostle Peter, but is in fact a pseudonymous work of the early second century. It is claimed that the

epistle consists of two principal parts: a baptismal discourse (1:3—4:11), and a letter (4:12—5:11). The last-named section is believed to reflect the persecution of Christians in Bithynia in Pliny's time (111-12 A.D.). Professor Beare's book is bound to be compared with the commentary on the same epistle, published in 1946, by the Reverend Dr. E. G. Selwyn, Dean of Winchester. The fact that Dr. Selwyn can defend the Petrine authorship and a first-century date (63-4 A.D.) is an indication that the evidence for arriving at conclusions on such matters is capable of more than one interpretation. Dr. Beare's exegesis of the text is a model of succinctness and lucidity. The usefulness of his book would be somewhat increased by the inclusion of indices.

L. M. Lande's *The Story of Stories* is a study of the Book of Job. The first third of the volume is introduction, and the remainder comprises the biblical text (in the English Revised Version). The author, who shows some acquaintance with the literature on his subject, is not concerned primarily with questions of origin, date, and literary structure. His purpose is "to stress the significance of the religio-aesthetic attitude in meeting the challenge to this generation." Job is presented as a classical answer (within the framework of Hebrew theism) to the problem of human suffering, and here the author displays a fine appreciation of the story's religious values. The handsomely produced volume is illustrated by ten of William Blake's engravings.

The subject and quality of the next work, *A Simple Introduction to Bible Study and Theology* by the Reverend S. J. Mathers, is well described by its title. The book sets forth what is commonly believed on these matters by many liberally minded Christians. High-Churchmen, fundamentalists, and systematic theologians will probably think it an inadequate or even pernicious discussion of its subject, but as a work intended for young people it has undeniable merits.

One denominational and one parish history were published this year. *Baptists in the Protestant Tradition* by the Reverend M. M. Lappin, is intended principally for the Baptist community, and aims to give that community a more intelligent understanding of its history and heritage, its beliefs and practices. The last chapter discusses the relation of the Baptist churches to the modern oecumenical movement. *A Short History of the Parish of Dunham, Quebec* by the Reverend T. R. Millman (the present rector) is the chronicle of an Anglican parish since its establishment in 1808. Among other things, it illustrates how the Oxford Movement slowly affected the usage of the Church of England in Canada. Dunham's first rector (the Reverend C. C. Cotton) wore a black Geneva gown with large white bands, and celebrated communion quarterly in a church (erected in 1821) without a chancel. By the middle of the century, however, even Dunham was beginning to see the light: the Geneva gown gave way to the surplice, and the new church, consecrated in 1851, had a chancel added in 1867. By 1881 communion was celebrated monthly, and

by 1899 the sacrament had become a weekly feature in the life of the parish.

There also appeared one volume of sermons and one of religious essays. *The Law and the Prophets* by the Reverend E. M. Howse is a group of seven sermons on the Old Testament preached to a United church in Winnipeg. They are well-informed lectures on Hebrew history and prophecy, but they lack the challenge and inspiration of good preaching. *For Such a Time as This* by the Right Reverend R. J. Renison, Bishop of Moosenee, contains eighty-nine religious essays or short sermons, all of them first published in the *Toronto Globe and Mail*. They are very readable, and reflect the keen mind, the rich experience, and the deep Christian convictions of their well-known author.

4. MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS — J. C. GARRETT

This section will begin with folk-lore and local history in which fields only two books of the first rank have appeared. One of these, Arnold Hoffman's book on Canadian mining, will be discussed presently; the other is Marius Barbeau's *Alaska Beckons*. In this book, M. Barbeau, who is folk-lorist and anthropologist for the Dominion Government, has presented some of the results of his extensive research into the history of the Tlingits, Haidas, and Tsimsyans. Brilliantly interpreting legendary materials, songs, traditions, and art forms, the author builds up the history of the waves of Mongolian infiltration into Alaska and the subsequent migrations of tribes along the west coast. Although the book is primarily intended for ethnologists, it has great interest for the general reader because of its charmingly told legends and its analysis of persisting Asiatic influences. The most interesting section of the book is that which traces hauntingly beautiful Indian songs back to Buddhist dirges and ancient Chinese mortuary customs. It is a work of imagination and learning, and is attractively illustrated by Arthur Price with cuts in a style imitative of totem-pole motifs.

The White Roots of Peace by Paul A. W. Wallace deals also with Indian lore; it is a reassembling of the legend of Deganawidah, the great Iroquois leader of the fifteenth century whose inspiration was ultimately responsible for the confederation of the Five (later Six) Nations. In this organization, which kept peace in the area stretching from New England to the Illinois region and from the Ottawa River to Chesapeake Bay, the author earnestly finds a foreshadowing of ideals which might be embodied in the United Nations.

The contemporary scene is the subject of a very competent little survey *The Land and People of Canada* by Frances Aileen Ross, written for the "Portraits of the Nations" series. In an admirably clear condensation she analyses the differing cultural traditions of our population and discusses the problem of fusing these elements into a cohesive unity. This problem is presented against the background of our geography and history, of which she makes a swift and informative summary.

A more specialized and restricted study is James A. Roy's *The Scot and Canada*. Its first section is a sober analysis of the Scottish mentality and outlook; Professor Roy scoffs contemptuously at the Lauder conception of the "red-nosed kilted Scot with fiery whiskers and a whiskey bottle sticking out of his pocket." He is equally impatient with romantic moanings over the old Celt. The Scot must be seen, he says, in the light of religious history, economic hardship, and national subordination, if his energetic, stubborn independence of spirit and his cultural limitations are to be appreciated. Transplanted to Canada the Scot of the first generation yearned for the old land, but as an exile became a vigorous contributor to our national life (often as not in politics battling a fellow Scot over a Canadian issue, e.g., William Lyon Mackenzie and John Strachan). A fascinating gallery of soldiers, churchmen, politicians, explorers, adventurers, and business men is brought before our eyes—an impressive exhibition of the Scottish influence. But as Professor Roy had lamented in his opening pages that there was no great national culture in Scotland, his conclusion *vis-à-vis* Canada is not surprising: "... if the Scots have made a great contribution to the intellectual development of Nova Scotia and Canada as a whole [he is thinking largely of schools and universities] they have not made a corresponding contribution to ... the creative literature of the country." From this judgment he excepts, of course, the Gaelic balladry of the early Scots period in Nova Scotia. But he laments that the flavour of the manse pervades Scottish novelists in Canada both past and present, and he has little pride in other Scots, Duncan Campbell Scott for instance, whom he describes as "the most austerely intellectual of Canadian poets [who] has nothing Scottish about him." Nevertheless when one finishes the book one is very conscious of the tremendous scope the Scot has had in Canada, and Professor Roy's book, though brief, is a convincing though always modest claim for the recognition of his countrymen.

Specialized in subject, but absolutely fascinating in treatment is Arnold Hoffman's *Free Gold: The Story of Canadian Mining*, the sort of book about the subject that one has always wanted to read. With a wealth of first-hand experience the author covers the whole range of the subject, from prospecting and feverish rushes, company promotion and market speculation to the formal side of the topic, geology and finance. The history of all the mining districts is there in stupendous detail (Kirkland Lake, Porcupine, Rouyn, Flin Flon, Yellowknife, etc.); it is chock-full of dramatic, salty, often nearly libellous anecdotes, with the conspicuous figures in lifelike roles (Noah Timmins, Harry Oakes, Bill Wright, Arthur Cockeram, and the rest). An unvarnished narrative, sometimes in staggeringly realistic language, comes pouring out: the vitality of that sweating, arduous life, its vulgarity and romance, its glory and disappointment. Regretfully the author elegizes over the passing of the glamorous days of prospecting with the arrival of scientific efficiency, but he is vigorous and entertaining

in his account of contemporary developments. He admits that the mining industry depends on the geologist (he devotes a chapter to the nature of mineral deposits), but does not omit to comment on "the belligerence of prospectors towards engineers," and points out that, as science can err on the side of caution, it takes tenacity and daring, besides knowledge, to make a gold mine. For that reason he is sceptical of the state exploitation of minerals; it was upon individuals that the industry was built. He also discusses the side of capitalistic exploitation which makes the ordinary investor wary: the methods of financing companies, the deals with New York syndicates, the promotional dodges and stunts. He warns the innocent small speculator away from the market, yet beckons the adventurer to the wilderness, for he went there himself. The book, because of its immense range, will surely become a standard work, and cannot fail to interest the general reader.

The Mounties by Anne I. Grierson, is a retelling, for popular consumption, of the history of the R.C.M.P. It is written (especially its early chapters) in the mannered journalese which is so common in second-rate news broadcasts and publicity releases. The clichés of that style swarm over the pages; every event is recorded with an air of urgency and emphasis. The book is however quite interesting when it describes the bravery and enterprise of the force in the stirring, lawless days of early trading and settlement in the North-West. The best episodes are those which relate the careers of Almighty Voice, an Indian desperado, and "Soapy" Smith, the gangster king of Skagway. The R.N.W.M.P.'s activities during the Yukon gold rush are impressively summarized: "They patrolled dancehalls and gambling dens and theatres. They censored plays, vaudeville skits and songs. They enforced sanitation in public places . . . they wrote letters for the illiterate or the disabled. They helped the limping along the trails. They arrested quack medicos; and nursed the sick. . . . They tended the dying; buried the dead."

Other books of minor interest may perhaps be mentioned briefly. Audrey Saunders has written *Algonquin Story*, at the instance of the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests. This compilation traces the history of the Park from the time of Champlain to the present. It tells of the advent of fur-traders, timbermen, and settlers, and devotes a section to Tom Thomson's life in the region. Finally, it describes the formation of the Park after a Royal Commission report, and discusses the area's prospects. *Pioneer Life in the County of York* by Edwin C. Guillet, which was written "at the suggestion of inspectors of schools in York county," presents, for school children, a subject which the author has treated at length in other works. Mr. Guillet possesses a great deal of information about early settlement, and his chapters, whether they deal with education, religion, travel, or politics, are packed with diverting information. The book is copiously illustrated with plates which are frequently amusing and invariably interesting. Two books of local history have also appeared in British Columbia: B. A. McKelvie's *Fort Langley, Outpost of Empire*

(which is another of the author's studies of the mingling of white man and red) and the Reverend F. E. Runnalls' *A History of Prince George*. The latter book surveys the early Indian period, tells about Sir Alexander Mackenzie's exploration and the coming of the fur-traders, then describes the excitement in Prince George during the era of the "golden caribou," and finally conducts the reader into the rather prosaic present. Two books on nursing were also published, *Three Centuries of Canadian Nursing* by John Murray Gibbon and Mary S. Mathewson, and an anniversary volume, *Victorian Order of Nurses for Canada*, to which Mr. Gibbon has supplied a foreword. The first is the only comprehensive history of its kind in Canada, the research having been undertaken by Miss Mathewson. The book traces nursing in the Dominion from the seventeenth century to the present and will prove of interest to the medical profession. One other book, extraordinary in conception, is William A. L. Styles' *Unusual Facts of Canadian History*. Most of the entries appear to be meant seriously, but parts of the book are surely a leg-pull. We are informed who was the first licensed innkeeper in Canada, the first Jewish resident; advised of the date of the first circus in Winnipeg and the first duel in New Brunswick. It is a volume of curiosa, e.g., in 1735, "wigs might not be worn by the clergy of the diocese of Quebec without the approval of their superiors." The information is undoubtedly unusual; the collection as a whole is absurd.

The number of books about the war has fallen off sharply. Among them, however, is one of great interest, *Defeat in the West* by Major Milton Shulman. It is an analysis of the reasons why Germany, in spite of its overwhelming military equipment and spectacular initial victories, managed to lose the war in the end. Using information gained from captured documents and from interrogations of German generals the author relates the story of the defeat from the German point of view. As such it is an illuminating narrative, exposing as it does the incredible inadequacy of German intelligence, the stultifying effect of blind obedience to discipline, the hostility between the Wehrmacht and the S.S., and the disruptive effect of Hitler's "intuitions" in matters of strategy. Some of the detail is already known, and although this book adds a good deal it must of course be regarded as only an interim treatment. It has two defects which arise out of enthusiasm and prejudice. The first is that in his anxiety to show German stupidities and mistakes, Major Shulman fails to convey why the Germans were ever able to win a battle at all, and why in turn it required six years for us to demolish their strength. Secondly, the author skates over many diplomatic tangles which emerged during the war and which materially affected the outcome. But, granting these deficiencies, the book is an important contribution to our knowledge of the Second World War.

In addition, two works of personal experiences have been published. One of these, *Haida*, by William Sclater, is a tale of enthusiastic devotion to that Tribal class destroyer. Written in a colloquial style of sudden ups

and downs it is a fairly readable book about the adventures of a gallant ship. One interesting section is that dealing with the Murmansk run, for it contains a dramatic story of the sinking of the *Scharnhorst*. There are exciting moments too in the description of hunting E-boats in the channel, during one of which escapades the *Athabaskan* was lost. Verbal clichés of the war occur rather too often—expressions like "this was it," "a poor show," "a dim view," "kraut" (invariably, for German); and the attempt to reproduce sailors' conversation fails to interest either because of intrinsic banality or because the language used has had to be purified so as not to jar the genteel ear. There are twenty-four drawings in colour by Grant Macdonald which enhance the book's attractiveness. *Face Powder and Gunpowder* by Jean M. Ellis is a bit of triviality. The authoress joined the Red Cross Corps, went to England, and was sent to the first hospital in Normandy set up after D-Day. Subsequently, her nursing duties took her to Belgium, Holland, and Germany. She is a lively girl, who chats about her personal experiences with a great deal of self-assurance and jazzy slang, and she obviously enjoyed the war. What comments she makes about its issues are trite and superficial.

The last book of this group to be considered is a rather bulky volume by Dr. R. C. Fetherstonhaugh, *McGill University at War: 1914-1918, 1939-1945*, which records the varied contributions to the national military effort of that institution during two world wars. A good deal of the detailed information about military service will be of special interest to McGill's staff and alumni, but for the general reader two things stand out: the tremendous reorganization demanded of such academic institutions in the critical years, and the part universities played in scientific research. The chapters devoted to McGill research reveal the varied extent of its services, a few of which may be listed: the development of R.D.X. and of an antenna for determining the height of aircraft, the discovery of a method of concealing ships at sea on the theory of "brightness match," studies in sea sickness, a wide variety of investigations in bacteriological and chemical warfare, and important contributions in atomic research as well as in the field of medicine. The book concludes with an epilogue by the Principal and Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Cyril James, in which the present expansion of McGill is discussed.

A few books, descriptive of the Canadian scene, appeared during the year. *Kaleidoscopic Quebec* by Amy Oakley is one of these. Designed to stimulate American tourist interest, it describes a trip through the more important and picturesque parts of the province, the cities, the Saguenay, Lake St. John, the Laurentians, the Eastern Townships. The writer, who has considerable experience in this sort of composition, selects her material judiciously; she is, however, prone to over-writing, e.g., "The heavenly bodies that blaze above the northern wilderness illuminate the Province of Quebec even as the galaxy of French pioneers, by their deeds, illuminate the pages of history." Curiously enough the author always refers to her husband, who provides a good many pen and ink sketches, as "my

Illustrator"! *Our Old Montreal* by John Murray Gibbon, blends a highly factual description of the modern city with historical matter. A picture of the present mixture of various language groups in Montreal is included, along with a summary of Montreal's cultural life. Finally, there is a chapter on Montreal restaurants, of special interest to the tourist. Regrettably there is not much humour in the book; though there are occasional flashes, like the citation of Bishop Mountain's denunciation of the Methodists in 1793: "A set of ignorant enthusiasts, whose preaching is calculated only to perplex the understanding, to corrupt the morals, to relax the nerves of industry, and to dissolve the bands of Society." Also dealing with Quebec is the Reverend C. E. Roy's *Percé*, a very detailed account of that Gaspé village.

Two volumes about the Far North also come within the scope of this section. One of these is *The Great Mackenzie: In Word and Photograph.* The pictures, emphasizing the bleak contours of the area, were taken by George Zuckerman, and Raymond Arthur Davies has provided the accompanying text. The commentary is nagging and tendentious, the main burden of its song being that we must hasten to bring economic planning and factories to the Mackenzie basin, that "jobs could change the North," and that exploitation of the wilderness is ever so much more efficiently carried out in Russia. The other book, *Raw North* by Charles E. Gillham, proposes to tell a lusty tale about the people of the North. The author is very aggressively a man's man, and in spite of his mother's admonition "that an excess use of profanity indicated a limited vocabulary" he proceeds to such graphic and profoundly enlightening remarks as this one: "Fort McMurray is really a hell of a place." A rough and ready picture of the characters of the North is given, and there is an appreciative chapter on Eskimoes. But the total effect is dull; one gathers that a good deal of Scotch whiskey is consumed in the North, but that is our clearest impression.

More interesting are the year's books by naturalists. *Flashing Wings*, by Professor Richard M. Saunders, while it consists of entries in a notebook over a period of years, is arranged by months to provide a seasonal guide for the amateur and professional bird-watcher. Dr. Saunders writes in an unaffected way about his hobby, and with boundless enthusiasm. He is out in all winds and weathers, and that is the acid test in our climate. He is extraordinarily adept at describing birds, and is ingeniously inventive in imitating their calls. He is by no means unaware of other wild life, and his response to the beauty of the natural scene is revealed in many passages of considerable force. *The Birds of Brewery Creek* is a book similar in nature. It was written by the Right Honourable Malcolm Macdonald, whose spare time during his period at Ottawa as High Commissioner for the United Kingdom was spent in bird-watching. The amateur naturalist has been a familiar figure in England for generations, and Mr. Macdonald like many of them is possessed of sharp eyes. He has a wonderful sense of colour and form when he is describing birds, and has an unflagging in-

quisitiveness about their habits. He is of a speculative turn of mind and couches his queries in delightful humour. In arranging his book by months, the author has at all times realized the necessity of maintaining an unbroken narrative; his volume therefore achieves what books of this kind often lack—continuity. Beautiful photographs and colour plates were provided for the book by Dr. Arthur A. Allen of Cornell University and Mr. W. V. Crich of Toronto; these illustrations, to say nothing of the attractive text, alone make the book worth having.

Still another book, this time about birds and animals alike, is *Canadian Spring* by Florence Page Jaques. It describes a summer spent by the writer and her husband near the Manitoba lakes and in the Rockies. The authoress has the traditionally romantic attitude toward nature; she speaks of moments when she is "transfixed by a sensation of utter inexplicable happiness. These moments are among the most precious of our possessions." But the reader is fortunately not constantly exposed to this ecstasy; more often he is merely asked to accompany her as she collects descriptions of ducks in the marshes of Manitoba, of gophers and weasels in southern Alberta, and of mountain sheep in the Rockies. The book is laden with "description." It is cleverly illustrated by her husband, who has supplied his wife with her best word-picture: "Thirty pelicans came swimming down a channel, in a tight-packed wedge. They swam leisurely, and now and then the pelicans on the outer edge of the raft would solemnly lower their long bills into the water, all at the same instant. It seemed a ceremonial gesture. There was no hurry, no excitement. No pelican made a hasty second dip, and no bill ever came up with a fish. The ritualistic movement was repeated over and over as the wedge zigzagged down the channel, first on one tack and then on the other."

Two books by hunters and two by fishermen complete this group. The first, John J. Rowlands' *Cache Lake Country*, takes up the familiar theme of "how to rough it in the woods." There is a minimum of "appreciating" in this book, although the first chapter is a eulogy of the author's particular lake. After that we are treated to homespun practical advice about such matters as rolling a blanket, building a shelter, and tapping maple trees; we are instructed how to make a hammock out of barrel staves, how to take a cast of animal footprints, etc. The book is full of solemn, trite observations like this one: "Getting burned out in the woods in cold weather is a serious business and if a tent catches on fire while you are asleep you may have a time escaping with your life." Jack Hambleton, in writing his chatty *Hunter's Holidays*, has in mind, not the year-long enthusiast, but the seasonal hunter who wants "a bird's eye view of the game situation in Ontario." Starting off with a defence of hunting, it asserts that the kill is the least significant aspect of the sport—an argument which will persuade only the already convinced. It continues with a good deal of practical advice about equipment and hunting grounds, all of which is hung on a thread of anecdotal narrative based on the author's personal experiences. This is also the method employed by Clint Fleming in his

book *When the Fish are Rising*. Mr. Fleming is a famous guide, well known to thousands of sportsmen, and makes no pretence at being a professional writer. His stories are really just yarns, well interlarded with fishing adventures and with advice on the finer points of the ancient art of angling. They will arouse more interest in fisherman than they will in the general reader. Of specialized interest too is Roderick L. Haig-Brown's *The Western Angler*, an account of Pacific salmon and Western trout in British Columbia. The book was expensively printed in a limited edition in 1939, and this volume is a revision in a cheaper form. Mr. Haig-Brown writes not only of the delights of fishing but pauses also to consider the question of fish as a natural resource. And his last chapter is a reasoned defence of angling against those who would classify it as one of the barbaric or sadistic blood-sports.

There are a few remaining books on various subjects, which it has not been possible to attach to any of the foregoing sections, but only one may be mentioned briefly. John Kidman, a lifelong proponent of penal reform in Canada has written *The Canadian Prison: The Story of a Tragedy*. It concentrates mainly on the history of organizations in Canada which have pressed for the reform of prison conditions and for more enlightened methods of rehabilitating offenders; its treatment of the actual conditions prevailing in our prisons is meagre. Mr. Kidman's general theme is that investigations have not been followed up by action, and he notes how slow the authorities have been in implementing the recommendations of the Archambault Report.

Last, but not least, is an excellent book for youngsters by Dr. Alice E. Wilson, *The Earth beneath Our Feet*. This fascinating introduction to geology presents the record of the rocks in non-technical language. After explaining the formation of rocks, she discusses the various theories of the origin of the earth and its physical characteristics, then describes the four geological ages with their prehistoric animals, and chats about the mineral wealth hidden beneath the earth's surface. She is to be congratulated on providing a book which answers questions intelligibly and which stimulates further inquiry.

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES

An account of the battle of Lundy's Lane, fought in 1814, between the British and American armies from the best and most authorized sources; reprint of 1853 booklet (Niagara Falls, Ont., Niagara Publishers, 13 pp.). **Alcock (F. J.)**, A century in the history of the Geological Survey of Canada (National Museum of Canada, Special contribution no. 47-1; Ottawa, Department of Mines and Resources, Mines and Geology Branch, vi, 94 pp., 25c.). **Barbeau (Marius)**, Alaska beckons; ill. by Arthur Price (Caldwell, Idaho, Caxton Printers; Toronto, Macmillan, 344 pp., $5.50). **Baros (Jan)**, The first decade of Batanagar (Batawa, Ont., Bata Ltd., n.d., 190 pp.). **Beare (F. W.)** ed., The First Epistle of Peter: the Greek text with introduction and notes (Oxford, Basil Blackwell; Toronto, Copp Clark, x, 184 pp., $3.50). **Bird (W. R.)**, Historic Nova Scotia; in consultation with Prof. D. C. Harvey, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.C.; drawings by W. E. Degarthe (Halifax, Government of Nova Scotia, Department of Industry and Publicity, n.d., 115 pp.). **Birks (W. M.)**, The chancel: before and after (Toronto, Ryerson, [58] pp., $2.00). **Bone (P. T.)**, When the steel went through: reminiscences

of a railroad pioneer (Toronto, Macmillan, xii, 180 pp., $3.00). **Buchanan (Donald),** James Wilson Morrice (Canadian art series; Toronto, Ryerson, iv, 38 pp., $1.00 paper, $1.50 cloth). **Burton (E. F.)** ed., Canadian naval radar officers; foreword by the Honourable ANGUS MACDONALD (Toronto, University of Toronto Press, 63 pp., ill., $1.50). **Burton (Elizabeth),** Many strange birds (London, Eng., Hutchinson; Toronto, Ryerson, 223 pp., $2.50). **Canada, Canadian Information Service,** Canada from sea to sea (Ottawa, King's Printer, 80 pp., ill.). **Canada, Department of Mines and Resources,** Yukon Territory: a brief description of its history, administration, resources and development (Ottawa, King's Printer, 52 pp.). **Canada, Department of National Defence, Directorate of Naval Information,** The sea, ships and men, by officers of the Directorate of Naval Information, Naval Service Headquarters, Ottawa; ill. with official photographs, and with drawings by Sub-Lieutenant I. L. CROSTHWAIT (Toronto, Navy League of Canada, 1946, 48 pp.). **Canada, Dominion Bureau of Statistics,** Canada 1947: the official handbook of present conditions and recent progress (Ottawa, King's Printer, 264 pp.); Canada year book 1947: the official statistical annual of the resources, history, institutions, and social and economic conditions of the Dominion (Ottawa, King's Printer, xxxvi, 1239 pp., $2.00). **Canada, Public Archives of,** Report of the Public Archives for the year 1946, by GUSTAVE LANCTOT (Ottawa, King's Printer, xl, 262 pp., $1.00). **Canadian Association for Adult Education, Joint Planning Commission,** The job ahead in adult education: report of national conference, May 26-29, 1946, University College, University of Toronto (Toronto, the Association, 33 pp.). **Canadian Broadcasting Corporation,** Atomic energy: a series broadcast on the CBC Trans-Canada network, April-June, 1947 (Toronto, the Corporation, Press and Information Service, Publications Branch, 24 pp., 50c.); Learning to live (Toronto, the Corporation, Press and Information Service, Publications Branch, iv, 44 pp.). **The Canadian collection at Harvard University;** edited by W. I. MORSE (Bulletin IV; Cambridge, Mass., Harvard University Printing Office, 110 pp.). **Canadian graphic arts in Brazil:** press review; in English and French (Rio de Janeiro, c/o Jean Désy, His Majesty's Ambassador for Canada, n.d., 156 pp.). **Canadian Jewish Congress,** Proceedings, seventh plenary congress, May 31—June 2, 1947 (Montreal, the Congress, 84 pp.). **Canadian Jews in World War II:** Part I, Decorations (Montreal, Canadian Jewish Congress, viii, 95 pp.). **Canadian Library Council,** Libraries in the life of the Canadian nation: Part I, Public libraries (Ottawa, Canadian Library Association, 1946, 107 pp.). **Canadian Nature,** Conservation illustrated (Toronto, *Canadian Nature*, 1946, 127 pp., ill., $1.00). **Canadian Youth Commission,** Accent on action: a report of the national conference of agencies serving youth, Chateau Laurier Hotel, Ottawa, November 30 and December 1, 1946 (Ottawa, the Commission, 30 pp., 25c.). **A catalogue of Canadian manuscripts** collected by Lorne Pierce and presented to Queen's University; compiled by DOROTHY HARLOWE; edited by E. C. KYTE (Toronto, Ryerson, 1946, xii, 164 pp., $2.50). **Chemical Institute of Canada,** Research in Canada: planning for the coming years: papers given at the symposium of the Chemical Institute of Canada (Quebec, Imperial Oil Ltd., 1946, 160 pp., ill.). **Cléja (S. M.),** Capitalism at the crossroads (Montreal, Post-War Problems Publishing Co., 1946, iv, 86 pp.). **Cox (Corolyn),** Canadian strength; majority of portraits by KARSH; foreword by the Right Honourable C. D. HOWE (Toronto, Ryerson, 1946, 192 pp., $4.00). **Cragg (K. C.),** Father on the farm; ill. by TED MCCORMACK (Toronto, Longmans Green, xvi, 173 pp., $2.50). **Davies (R. A.)** and **Zuckerman (George),** The great Mackenzie: in word and photograph (Toronto, Ryerson, xii, 139 pp., $3.50). **Davies (Robertson),** The diary of Samuel Marchbanks; decorations by CLAIR STEWART (Toronto, Clarke Irwin, viii, 204 pp., $2.50). **Denomy (A. J.),** The heresy of courtly love; with an introduction by WILLIAM LANE KELEHER, S.J. (Boston College Candlemas lectures on Christian literature; New York, Declan X. McMullen Co.; Toronto, Nelson, 92 pp., $1.25). **Dick (C. B.),** Trails I've ridden: an era in the prairie-foothill country of Alberta (Calgary, J. W. Dick, 433, 4th Ave. W.,

1946, 63 pp., ill., 75c.). **Dolman (C. E.),** A layman views the artist: text of inaugural address in a series of lectures on "Art and Society" presented by the Federation of Canadian Artists, British Columbia Branch, and the Educational Committee of the Vancouver Art Gallery (Vancouver, 9 pp., 25c.). **Douglas (C. H.),** The brief for the prosecution (Liverpool, Eng., K.R.P. Publications, 1945; Toronto, Dent, vi, 88 pp., 1946, $2.25). **Ellis (J. M.)** with **Dingman (Isabel),** Face powder and gunpowder; ill. by JACK HAMBLETON (Toronto, Saunders, 229 pp., $2.50). **Essex County Tourist Association,** Essex County sketches (Windsor, Ont., Herald Press, 50 pp., 25c.). **Estall (Martyn)** ed., Rights and liberties in our time: addresses given at the Canadian Institute on Public Affairs, 1946 (Toronto, Ryerson, viii, 108 pp., $1.25). **Eustace (C. J.),** An infinity of questions: a study of the religion of art, and of the art of religion in the lives of five women: with an introduction by MICHEL DE LA BEDOYÈRE (New York and Toronto, Longmans Green, 1946, 170 pp., $2.50). **Fairley (Barker),** A study of Goethe (Oxford, at the Clarendon Press; Toronto, Oxford, viii, 280 pp., $4.50). **Ferguson (C. J.),** Mink, Mary and me: the story of a wilderness trapline (New York, M. S. Mill; Toronto, McLeod, 1946, 248 pp., ill., $4.00). **Fernald (H. E.),** Chinese court costumes (Toronto, Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology, 1946, 51 pp., plates, $1.00). **Fetherstonhaugh (R. C.),** McGill University at war: 1914-1918, 1939-1945; with an epilogue by F. CYRIL JAMES (Montreal, McGill University, xii, 437 pp., $3.00). **Fidler (N. D.)** in collaboration with **Gray (K. G.),** Law and the practice of nursing (Toronto Ryerson, vi, 106 pp., $2.00). **Fleming (Clint),** When the fish are rising: tales of the Rideau Lakes (New York, Duell, Sloan & Pearce; Toronto, Collins, xvi, 205 pp., $3.50). **Frye (Northrop),** Fearful symmetry: a study of William Blake (Princeton, N.J., Princeton University Press; Toronto, Saunders, xii, 462 pp., $6.00). **Galloway (M. A.),** A song in my heart: the story of a holiday in Europe (Brandon, Man., the author [Mrs. H. O. McDiarmid]; Winnipeg, Bulman Bros., x, 429 pp.). **Gibbon (J. M.),** Our old Montreal (Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, xiv, 266 pp., ill., $3.75); The Victorian Order of Nurses for Canada: fiftieth anniversary 1897-1947 (Ottawa, the Order, 114 Wellington St., xii, 124 pp., $2.00). **Gibbon (J. M.),** and **Mathewson (M. S.),** Three centuries of Canadian nursing (Toronto, Macmillan, xxii, 505 pp., ill., $4.00). ***Gillham (C. E.),** Raw north; ill. by *BOB HINES (New York, Barnes; Toronto, Copp Clark, xviii, 275 pp., $3.50). **Graham (W. C.)** ed., Education and the new age: a series of addresses delivered at United College, Winnipeg, upon the seventy-fifth anniversary of its founding; WILLIAM C. GRAHAM, JOHN BARTLET BREBNER, E. G. D. FREEMAN, CARLETON W. STANLEY, A. W. TRUEMAN (Toronto, Ryerson, x, 81 pp., $1.50). **Gray (K. G.),** Law and the practice of medicine (Toronto, Ryerson, viii, 68 pp., $1.50). **Green (George),** History of Burnaby and vicinity (Vancouver, the author; North Vancouver, Shoemaker, McLean & Veitch, 123 Lonsdale Ave., xiv, 233 pp., $3.00). **Grierson (A. I.),** The Mounties (Toronto, Ryerson, x, 157 pp., $2.50). **Guillet (E. C.),** Pioneer life in the county of York (County history series, vol. I; Toronto, Hess-Trade Typesetting Co., 1946, 166 pp., $2.50). **Hahn (J. E.),** Home of my youth: Hanover (Hanover, Ont., the author, 298 pp.). **Haig-Brown (R. L.),** The Western angler: an account of Pacific salmon and Western trout in British Columbia; ill. by T. BRAYSHAW; revised ed. (Toronto, Collins, xii, 356 pp., $5.50). **Hambleton (Jack),** Hunter's holidays (Toronto, Longmans Green, xiv, 207 pp., $3.00). **Hansen (J. W.),** Past, present and future of the Canadian tariff (Fort Erie, Ont., Review Co., 39 pp., 10c.). **Harvey (A. G.),** Douglas of the fir: a biography of David Douglas, botanist (Cambridge, Mass., Harvard University Press; Toronto, Saunders, x, 290 pp., $5.00). **Hiebert (Paul),** Sarah Binks; drawings by J. W. MCLAREN (Toronto, Oxford, xx, 182 pp., $2.50). ***Hirsch (Richard),** The Soviet spies: the story of Russian espionage in Canada (New York, Duell, Sloan & Pearce; Toronto, Collins, 96 pp., $1.00). **Historical and Scientific Society of Manitoba,** Papers read before the Historical and Scientific Society of Manitoba, season 1945-46; edited by CLIFFORD WILSON (Winnipeg, Advocate Printers, 1946, 71 pp.). ***Hoffman (Arnold),** Free gold: the story of Canadian mining; with illustrations by *IRWIN D. HOFFMAN (New York, Rinehart; Toronto, Clarke Irwin, x, 420 pp., $5.00). **Horan**

(J. W.), Yellowknife: " 'til the ice-worms nest again": with selected poems taken from "Songs of the north" by J. W. Horan (Edmonton, Northgate Books, 10232, 106th St., 48 pp., $1.00). **Howse (E. M.)**, The law and the prophets (Toronto, Ryerson, vi, 69 pp., $1.00). **James (N. B.)**, The autobiography of a nobody (Toronto, Dent, xii, 239 pp., $2.75). ***Jaques (F. P.)**, Canadian spring; illustrations by FRANCIS LEE JAQUES (New York, Harper; Toronto, Musson, xiv, 216 pp., $3.50). **Jenness (D.)**, Report of the Canadian Arctic Expedition 1913-18: vol. XVI, Material culture of the Copper Eskimo: southern party 1913-16 (Ottawa, King's Printer, 1946, viii, 148 pp.). **Johnson (A. H.)** ed., The wit and wisdom of Alfred North Whitehead; with an introductory essay (Boston, Beacon Press, 25 Beacon St., xii, 102 pp., $2.50). **Karsh (Yousuf)**, Faces of destiny: portraits (Chicago, Ziff-Davis Publishing Co.; London, Eng., Harrap; Toronto, Ambassador Books, 1946, 159 pp., $6.00). **Kerby (S. A.)**, *see* BURTON (ELIZABETH). **Kidman (John)**, The Canadian prison: the story of a tragedy; foreword by J. A. EDMISON, B.A., K.C. (Toronto, Ryerson, x, 115 pp., $1.50). **Kirkconnell (Watson)** and **Woodhouse (A. S. P.)**, The humanities in Canada (Ottawa, Humanities Research Council of Canada, 287 pp., $2.00). **Lambert (R. S.)**, The adventure of Canadian painting (Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, x, 228 pp., $3.50); For the time is at hand: an account of the prophecies of Henry Wentworth Monk of Ottawa, friend of the Jews, and pioneer of world peace (London, Eng., Andrew Melrose; Toronto, Ryerson, 168 pp., $4.00). **Lande (L.M.)** ed., The story of stories: the Book of Job; with an introduction (Montreal, the author, c/o Industrial Loan & Finance Corporation, Dominion Square Bldg., 1946, revised and enlarged 1947, xii, 157 pp., ill.). **Lappin (M. M.)**, Baptists in the Protestant tradition; foreword by G. C. WARREN (Toronto, Ryerson, xvi, 112 pp., $2.00). **Laycock (S. R.)**, Cheating your children (48 pp.); Emotional climate in the home (47 pp.); Family team work (52 pp.) (School for parents series; Toronto, Ryerson, 50c. each). **Livesay (J. F. B.)**, The making of a Canadian; edited with a memoir by FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY (Toronto, Ryerson, x, 181 pp., $2.75). **McAvity (J. M.)** in collaboration with officers and men of the Regiment, Lord Strathcona's Horse (Royal Canadians): a record of achievement (Toronto, Brigden's Ltd., 280 pp.). **McCulloch (M.E.)**, Exploring Britain by car (Toronto, Ryerson, 1946, viii, 191 pp., $1.50). ***MacDonald (Malcolm)**, The birds of Brewery Creek; illustrated with photographs by Dr. ARTHUR A. ALLEN and W. V. CRICH, F.R.P.S. (Toronto, Oxford, x, 334 pp., $3.50). **McGill University**, Annual report, 1946-47 (Montreal, the University, 140 pp.). **McKelvie (B. A.)**, Fort Langley, outpost of empire; frontispiece by GEORGE H. SOUTHWELL, decorations by C. P. CONNORTON (Vancouver, *Vancouver Daily Province*, xii, 98 pp.). **MacLean (R. P.)**, Reflections of a wicked capitalist (Kelowna, B.C., *Kelowna Courier*, 16 pp.). **Maclean-Hunter Publishing Co.**, A study of Canadian magazine audiences (Study no. 2; Toronto, the Company, 1946, 28 pp.). **McRaye (Walter)**, Pauline Johnson and her friends (Toronto, Ryerson, xvi, 182 pp., $3.50). **MacVicar (Nell)** and **Craig (Irene)**, Tales and trails of western Canada (Regina, School Aids and Text Book Publishing Co., 144 pp., $1.00). **Mathers (S. J.)**, A simple introduction to Bible study and theology (Toronto, Ryerson, x, 137 pp., $1.50). **Measures (Howard)**, Styles of address: a manual of usage in writing and in speech (New York, Crowell; Toronto, Ambassador Books, xii, 209 pp., $3.25). **Millman (T. R.)**, A short history of the parish of Dunham, Quebec (Dunham, the author, 1946, 66 pp., $1.60). **Moodie (Susanna)**, Roughing it in the bush: or, Forest life in Canada; new edition with reproductions of old plates (Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, xx, 506 pp., $2.75). **National Gallery of Canada**, The Massey Collection of English painting (Ottawa, the Gallery, 1946, 30 pp.). **National Gallery of Canada**, in co-operation with the **Department of Reconstruction and Supply** and the **National Film Board of Canada**, Design for use: a survey of design in Canada of manufactured goods for the home and office, for sports and outdoors; including photographs from the exhibition "Design in industry" (Ottawa, the Gallery, 32 pp., 25c.). **Nelson (Denys)**, Fort Langley, 1827-1927: a century of settlement in the valley of the lower Fraser River (Vancouver, Art, Historical and Scientific Association, 31 pp.). **Nichol (E. P.)**,

Sense and nonsense (Toronto, Ryerson, xii, 148 pp., $2.00). ***Oakley (Amy)**, Kaleidoscopic Quebec; illustrations by THORNTON OAKLEY (New York, Appleton-Century; Toronto, Ryerson, xiv, 278 pp., $4.50). **Ontario, Department of Education, Public Libraries Branch,** Canadian periodical index, 1945: a cumulation of the quarterly indexes published in the *Ontario Library Review*, compiled by the Circulation Department of the University of Toronto Library, under the direction of MAY L. NEWTON (Toronto, King's Printer, 1946, 139 pp.). **Ontario, Department of the Provincial Treasurer, Bureau of Statistics and Research,** A conspectus of the Province of Ontario (Toronto, King's Printer, viii, 422 pp.). **Ontario Historical Society,** Papers and records; vol. XXXVIII (Toronto, the Society, c/o the Treas., G. W. Spragge, 84 Gormley Ave., 1946, 108 pp.). **Ontario Society of Artists,** 75th annual spring exhibition including a retrospective group of paintings selected from works exhibited during the first 50 years of the Society's history (Toronto, Ryerson, 51 pp., 60c. limp paper, $1.00 paper boards). **Orchard (W. J.),** Prehistoric campsites of Saskatchewan are compared with those found in Denmark, Vancouver, Japan, Nova Scotia, and Scotland (Regina, School Aids and Text Book Publishing Co., 1946, 126 pp., $1.25). **Phelps (A. L.),** Community and culture: the Founders' Day Address at the University of New Brunswick; with an ntroduction by DESMOND PACEY (Fredericton, N.B., the University, 17 pp.). **Pierce (Lorne),** Christianity and culture in our time (Beverley papers, no. IX; Toronto, Ryerson, 12 pp.). **Priestley (F. E. L.)** ed., Enquiry concerning political justice and its influence on morals and happiness, by William Godwin: photographic facsimile of the third edition corrected, edited with variant readings of the first and second editions and with a critical introduction and notes: vols. I and II, Text; vol. III, Critical introduction and notes (University of Toronto, Department of English, Studies and Texts, no. 2; Toronto, University of Toronto Press—Saunders, 1946, lvi, 463, x, 554, viii, 346 pp., $12.50). **Queen's University,** Principal's report, 1946-47 (Kingston, Ont., the University, 142 pp.). **Regis (Louis-Marie),** St. Thomas and epistemology (Aquinas Lecture, 1946; Milwaukee, Wis., Marquette University Press, 1946, 95 pp.). **Renison (R. J.),** For such a time as this (Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, xiv, 368 pp., $2.75). **Robbins (J. E.),** Youth figured out: a statistical study of Canadian youth (Ottawa, Canadian Youth Commission, 28 pp., 50c.). **Ross (F. A.),** The land and people of Canada; foreword by A. R. M. LOWER (Portraits of the nations series; Toronto, Longmans Green, viii, 128 pp., $2.50). **Rowlands (J. J.),** Cache Lake country: life in the north woods; ill. by HENRY B. KANE (New York, Norton; Toronto, McLeod, 272 pp., $4.00). **Roy (C.-E.),** Percé: its nature, its history (Gaspé, P.Q., the author, 160, xlxi pp., $1.50). **Roy (J. A.),** The heart is Highland; illustrations by H. ERIC BERGMAN (Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, x, 263 pp., $3.25); The Scot and Canada (Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, x, 117 pp., $1.75). **Runnalls (F. E.),** A history of Prince George; with a foreword by HARRY G. PERRY (Prince George, B.C., the author, Box 244, 1946, xvi, 197 pp., $2.50). **Saskatchewan Archives,** Second report of the Saskatchewan Archives, for the period June 1, 1946 to May 31, 1947 (Saskatoon, Office of the Saskatchewan Archives, University of Saskatchewan, 92 pp.). **Saunders (Audrey),** Algonquin story; introduction by SELWYN DEWDNEY (Toronto, Ontario Department of Lands and Forests, xii, 196 pp., ill., $2.00). **Saunders (R. M.),** Flashing wings; illustrations by TERENCE M. SHORTT (Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, xii, 388 pp., $4.50). **Sclater (William),** Haida; with an introduction by Rt. Hon. A. V. ALEXANDER, C.H., M.P. and twenty-four drawings in colour by GRANT MACDONALD (Toronto, Oxford, xvi, 221 pp., $4.50). **Scott (D. C.),** Walter J. Phillips (Canadian art series; Toronto, Ryerson, iv, 59 pp., $1.00 paper, $1.50 cloth). **Shepherd (Peter),** With glowing hearts: true stories of Canadians in the making (Toronto, United Church of Canada, Committee on Missionary Education, 1946, 138 pp., 60c. paper). **Shulman (Milton),** Defeat in the west; with an introduction by Major-General Sir IAN JACOB, K.B.E., C.B. (London, Eng., Secker and Warburg; Toronto, Saunders, xvi, 336 pp., $3.50). **Sinclair (Gordon),** Signposts to adventure (Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, viii, 369 pp., $3.00). **Smith (I. N.)** ed., The diary of our own Pepys: E. W. Harrold's record of Canadian life (Toronto, Ryerson, viii, 296 pp., $3.50). **Staples (R. O.),** The rural teacher: selection, training and in-service guidance (Ryerson educational monographs; Toronto, Ryerson,

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